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White

BESSIE McCOY
As Chief Daffy in "The Follies of 1911" at the Jardin De Paris

White

VERA MAXWELL, WALTER PERCIVAL AND CHORUS IN "THE FOLLIES OF 1911" AT THE JARDIN DE PARIS

PLAYS AND PLAYERS

JARDIN DE PARIS. "FOLLIES OF 1911." Extravaganza in two acts and thirteen scenes. Words and lyrics by Geo. V. Hobart. Music by Maurice Levi and Raymond Hubbell. Produced June 26 with this cast:

Chief Daffy	Bessie McCoy	Jack	Ganesi Dolly
Folly of 1907	Emma Gorman	Everywife	Ann Meredith
Folly of 1908	Dorothy Dalland	Squabina	Lillian Lorraine
Folly of 1909	Katherine Daly	Dress	Miss Vernon
Folly of 1910	Eleanor St. Clair	Excitement	Miss Abott
Folly of 1911	Vera Maxwell	Elegance	Miss Belgar
Inspector Search	Leon Erroll	Rhyme	Harry Watson, Jr.
P. Ziegfeld, Jr.	Walter Percival	Reason	W. J. Kelly
Siamese Twins	Dolly Sisters	Kindness	Miss Trieste
Mrs. Hillside	Arline Boley	Gaiety	Miss Richmond
Widow Wood	Clara Palmer	Grace	Miss Mitchell
Miss Prim	Stella Chatelaine	Amusement	Miss Aichel
Herr Lauderspiel	Chas. A. Mason	Vanity	Miss Perry
Reuben Jay	Tom Dingle	Romantic	Miss Le Roy
Willie	Rose Dolly	Gamble	Peter Swift
Nobody	Bert Williams		

Mr. Ziegfeld is without a rival in the excellence and the lavish abundance of the elements that characterize his annual "shows" that takes off the follies of the year. "The Follies of 1911" is a review in two acts and thirteen scenes. These are divisions of incoherent material, but the individual scenes, for the most part, have point.

There is in these reviews always more than one performer of the highest excellence who has ideas and some new form of folly. Among them this year is Miss Bessie McCoy, who sprang into popularity a few years ago with the dance of her own devising called the Yama Yama girls. There are pictures of this attractive young woman in a defiant pose, as if of virtue, able to defend itself, on the aggressively defensive, with the wind or the movement tossing the skirts above the shapely ankles that may be classed as a creation of art.

In the review of this year she has devised a dance that she calls "Tad's Daffydils." She leads eight girls, as in the Yama Yama dance, but it lacks the old drollery. She repeats her former individual success. "Take Care, Little Girl," is another number of hers that is better.

One of the novelties of the performance is the California Poppy Field, in which stacks of wheat turn into a chorus of dancing girls.

"Everywife," borrowed from the Lambs, who produced it at their recent frolic, is a fair and humorous paraphrase of the successful morality play of the season.

The parody on "Pinafore" was an easier matter. The music had the more familiar and the more friendly sound.

"New Year's Eve on the Barbary Coast" is a wild extravaganza, in the course of which Lillian Lorraine is violently tossed about in an Apache dance by Harry Watson and Leon Erroll, a performance that belongs to a review of the year no doubt, but which is not as delectable as it is riotous.

There is a superabundance of everything, too much to see, and certainly too much to tell of. One bit of burlesque was timely and taking, the experience of the smuggling woman with the customs inspectors, who extricated from the folds of her dress yards of fabrics, amid her shrieks and protestations. Miss Arline Boley's impersonation of the outraged traveler was diverting. The review employs scores of people, the comely youthfulness of the chorus being a feature, the entire performance showing how ample are the resources of New York for every department of stage production.

The Dress Rehearsal

Oh, band of trembling manikins,
Why dread the master's eye?
The frequent halt repairs the fault
And drowns the prompter's sigh.
Why shrink to hear the master's voice?
He has no thought of you—
And if he blame—'tis but an aim,
To make the picture true.

So bear with patience, Player-folk,
Nor try the master's heart,
His anxious soul regards the whole
And you are but a part.
Bewail not, weary manikins,
The dress rehearsal's drag.
When welcome light succeeds the night,
Success may speak the tag.

LESLIE CURTIS.

GLOBE. "THE RED ROSE." Musical comedy in three acts. Book and lyrics by Harry B. Smith and Robert B. Smith. Music by Robert Hood Bowers. Produced on June 22 last with the following cast:

Lola	Valeska Suratt		
Dick Lorimer	Wallace McCutcheon	Gyp	Carrie Reynolds
Alonzo Lorimer	Alexander Clark	Baron Leblanc	Louis Casavant
Silas Plant	John Daly Murphy	Maxime Dupont	Henry Bergman
Hon. Lionel Talboys	Ernest Lambart	Tita	Beatrice Doane
Daisy Plant	Lillian Graham	Celeste	Edna Bates
Ludwig Spiegle	John E. Hazzard	Marie	May Carlisle
Mme. Joyant	Flavio Arcaro	Rosalie	Marjorie Dayton
M. Duprez	Henry Bergman	Denise	Laura Gaynelle
Andre	Craig Campbell	Elane	Dorothy Langdon

The Globe Theatre has the distinction, in these days of novelty, of being in the summer time an airdrome, having free ventilation

by means of a movable or removable roof. The entertainment it provides in the musical comedy entitled "The Red Rose" is made up of conventional bits of comedy, with a touch of melodrama, and is yet a novelty. The music by Robert Hood Bowers is largely responsible for this effect.

Miss Valeska Suratt is a unique personality, pleasing to the sensuous minded, indolent in pose, with a repressed dull fire of passion, and with the physical vigor of a bacchanal in her spirited dances. Her dresses are flames of color, progressing, from act to act, from dull blue to pink, violet, cream, green, yellow, crimson, silver, and combinations of various kinds.

Passion is symbolized in everything. The red rose plays a part in costume and action, The character, an artist's model, is a human red rose, and about her centres all kind of intrigue. The action unfolds at first a melodramatic story which soon is lost in dance and song. She is a long-lost child, finally marries the man of her choice and is restored to rank and fortune.

None of all this can be taken seriously, but there is good entertainment in the comic opera incidents. The love songs have good quality, and the dances, with the turkey trot and other figures, are full of spirit. The staging is novel, and while there is absolutely no inspiration in the subject matter, entertainment is there. Alexander Clark is amusing in a way that is all his own, and Ernest Lambart, with his Germanic drolleries, excites laughter. It is a summer show that serves its purpose.

BIJOU. "BAXTER'S PARTNER." Comedy in three acts by Thomas T. Railey. Produced June 27 with this cast:

Earl Dunn, E. A. Sparks; Lucretia Wiggins, Fayette Perry; Benjamin Baxter, Charles Reigle; Colonel Hopkins, Edwin Burns; Dorothy Livingstone, May Talbot; Mrs. Baxter, Florence Nelson; Howard McFarland, Sr., Reynold Williams; Howard McFarland, Jr., Robert Ober; Briggs, F. J. Broder; Dan Huntley, Robert Ellis.

This piece by a new author, who, by the way, is a lawyer by profession, was put forward at the worst possible time of year. Its sojourn on Broadway was not long enough to enable its promoters to put its drawing powers to any real test. A possible success was literally engulfed in the wave of torridity which swept over Gotham just after the opening. Apart from this serious handicap, there was much to commend in the play, and it is not unreasonable to predict that this playwright will again be heard from under conditions more suited to a favorable hearing. He writes good comedy and displays no mean skill in presenting vigorous, if somewhat shopworn, stage types. The interest throughout is well sustained, and at moments he is successful in striking the note of true drama.

Dan Huntley kills a joy rider in self-defence. He flees from justice because his arrest would compromise a married woman, Mrs. Baxter, the wife of a lawyer, who was a witness. The murderer's attachment to Mrs. Baxter is not suspected, because he is betrothed to Dorothy Livingstone. He is apprehended and brought to trial. Howard MacFarland, an indolent young lawyer associated with Baxter, is secretly in love with Dorothy himself. Seeing, however, that her fiancé is in danger, he forgets his own feelings, severs his connection with Mr. Baxter and prepares Huntley's defence. The other side is represented by Baxter. Huntley confesses to the shooting and McFarland, naturally inferring that Dorothy was the woman who was present at the time, urges her to say so. She goes on the witness stand, but her story is soon disproven by Mr. Baxter, and then the whole truth comes out. It is left for the audience to believe that Mrs. Baxter will divorce her husband and marry Huntley, while Dorothy's affections have already been transferred to McFarland.

Robert Ober was effective in the part of Howard, and Robert Ellis was excellent as the Huntley. Fayette Perry made an individual hit as Lucretia Wiggins, a young lady graduate of a commercial school who talked in stereotyped phraseology.

Moffett, Chicago

MARGARET DALE

Who will be seen again next season as Mrs. Noel Travers in Louis N. Parker's new play, "Disraeli"

HENRIETTA CROSMAN
Will open her season on August 10 at Maxine Elliott's Theatre in a new comedy by Catherine Chisholm Cushing, entitled "The Real Thing"

SELECTING A CAST

IN what are now referred to as the "palmy days of the drama," which really means the days of the old-fashioned stock company, there was not that close assimilation of "type" to *"dramatis persona"* as is demanded under modern conditions. Formerly it was considered an evidence of versatility on the part of the actor to be able to play "Macbeth" in the opening bill, and before the audience went home to regale them with a hornpipe.

No doubt it made actors of easy, fluent, pliable skill; but as the theatre became commercialized is also became specialized, in as much as that much-abused person, the bread and butter manager, seized upon some vital "type" in a play and at once proceeded to develop commercially for all they were worth a series of plays of certain phases of our life, such as the rural, Western and Civil War plays. Casts had to be selected to harmonize with the atmosphere of this or that type of play. It would be manifestly incongruous that an actor who knows how to wear his dress coat and feel at ease among the furniture and furnishings of a play of the social comedy class, such as the plays of the late Clyde Fitch or of Mr. Somerset Maugham, would also fill the eye of an audience as a type of Western cowboy, New England hayseed or a soldier on active service.

In the old days players were engaged according to his or her "line of business." Nowadays each actor is engaged because he or she represents a certain type demanded by the author. To what extent this is carried may be judged by the following incident which was an actual occurrence in the selecting the cast for a company of "The Witching Hour." A number of actors were being passed in review before Mr. Augustus Thomas, the author, to play the part of the young chap who is afraid of the cat's-eye. One of these was "tried out" at a rehearsal, found wanting, and promptly rejected by the dramatist. As the young fellow was a protegé of Mr. Shubert, the latter interceded that he be retained in the cast.

"But he neither knows how to wear his clothes nor even how to get around the furniture," declared the author.

"Can't you teach him?" demanded the manager.

"I could," declared the author, "if he had ever known his grandfather."

This may seem an extreme illustration of the carefulness demanded of the producing manager in casting his play. The modern Thespian must not alone be an artist, but he must represent some type in society—by this is meant society at large.

The one man who knows best—or is supposed to know—what people he wants for his play is the dramatist. If, however, he is a very astute person he will leave the selecting of the cast to the manager, always reserving to himself his contractual prerogative of the veto power on any given person. But it is well for him to remember that in the event of failure his responsibility will be weighty enough without having assumed any additional

responsibility for the cast. Divide this with the manager, let him feel that he is getting a run for his money, and then if the play eventually goes to the storehouse the dramatist may always meet the manager with: "Everything would have been different if you had only given me a decent cast."

The principal producing managers have in their constant employ competent and well-known stage directors. William Seymour and Gustave von Seyffertitz act in this capacity for Charles Frohman; Hugh Ford for Liebler & Co.; Frank Reicher for Henry B. Harris; Sam Forrest for Cohan & Harris; Herbert Gresham for Klaw & Erlanger; Frank Hatch for William A. Brady; John Emerson for the Shuberts. Mr. Belasco, who is his own stage director, has William Dean, who does the sifting out of the applicants, and only the survival of the fittest ever reach the Master. Robert Hunter does the same for Mr. Savage, and then George Marion applies his summing up for or against.

The selecting of a cast to-day is the realization of types and what are known as "character people" in the professional parlance, if they can reproduce types, now command almost, if not quite, as much salary as leading men and women. This has about doubled the manager's salary list.

The manager and the stage director get their impressions of the "types" in the play from the dramatist's manuscript. The dramatist, if he knows his business, will embody in his manuscript, at the first entrance of each character, a short description of the personality. The late Clyde Fitch was a wonder at this sort of thing, and particularly as regards his women. Here are several demonstrations from his play "Truth":

"A smart, good-looking man servant, Jenks, shows in Mrs. Lindon and Laura Fraser. The former is a handsome, nervous, overstrung woman of about thirty-four, very fashionably dressed; Miss Fraser, on the contrary, is a matter-of-fact, rather commonplace type of good-natured wholesomeness united to a kind sense of humor. Mrs. Lindon is the sort of woman warranted to put anyone on edge in the course of a few hours' consecutive association, while friction with Miss Fraser is equally certain to smooth the raw edges.

"Becky is a pretty, charming, volatile young woman, sprightly, vivacious, lovable. She is dressed ultra-smartly and in the best taste. Lindon is dapper, rather good-looking, though not particularly strong in character and full of a personal charm. He also wears very fashionable clothes. He is a man whose chief aim in life is to amuse himself.

"Mrs. Crespigny comes in flamboyantly. She is a woman past the age of uncertainty, dressed gaudily with an hourglass figure; she has innumerable bracelets and bangles and an imitation jeweled chain, flaunts a heavy pair of lorgnettes like a gargoyle hanging over a much-carved bust. Enormous wax pearls in her ears are in direct contrast to the dark beginnings of her otherwise russet gold hair. Neither her shoes nor her stays fit, and both are too tight. She is brightly rouged, and yet the very failure of the facade reveals somehow the honest interior of a human, if forlornly, foolish female."

The international casts for these characters as performed both here and in England were as follows:

Mrs. Lindon	London: Grace Lane. / New York: Mrs. Sam Sothern.
Laura Fraser	London: Sybil Carlisle / New York: Elene Fraser.
Becky	London: Marie Tempest. / New York: Clara Bloodgood.
Lindon	London: Millward Dawson. / New York: George Spink.
Mrs. Crespigny	London: Rosina Felippi. / New York: Zelda Sears.

Fitch was his own stage director, and it is quite clear from the clean-cut precision of these silhouettes that he must have seen these people off the stage, and even before his play was finished or in rehearsal his mind must have been at work ransacking the ranks of the profession to reproduce these types and pay any salary to get them. Pinero, whose delineation of types is generally regarded as very wonderful, is much less painstaking in his manuscript than Fitch. Here are some of his ideas of his characters in "The Thunderbolt," seen in the New Theatre during the past season:

"Rose: A lady of 45, fashionably dressed and coiffeured and with a suspiciously blooming complexion.

"Thaddeus: A meek, careworn man of two and forty.

"Stephen: 49, bald, stooping, with red rims to his eyes, wearing spectacles.

"Phyllis: She is a woman of 35, whitefaced and faded, but with decided traces of beauty."

In order to place himself in close mental relationship, when casting a play the stage director really becomes a highly sensitized plate upon which are recorded the psy-

To Otis Skinner

The taming gusto of Petruchio's wit,
The depth of Shylock's malice and despair,
With voice and mind and genius—ah! transmit
Will's passioned music to our colder air.

Or, building on the skill of modern pens,
Reveal the brave romance of Everyday;
And luminously, through thy crystal lens,
Show common manhood glorious, in a play.

Thy father sought men's souls? Ah! fitting then
The son should search and win the hearts of men!

THACHER H. GUILD.

Bangs

GEORGE M. COHAN AS A FAMILY MAN

MR. E. H. SOTHERN AS HAMLET

Mr. Sothern and Miss Marlowe closed their joint starring tour in New York on July 4 last after a most successful season, which extended to the Pacific Coast. It had been their intention to give a number of Shakespearian performances at the Broadway before disbanding, but owing to the heat, which seriously affected Miss

MISS JULIA MARLOWE AS ROSALIND

Marlowe, this plan was suddenly abandoned. Miss Marlowe spends her summer vacation, as usual, at her beautiful country home, Highmount, in the Catskills, while Mr. Sothern goes to Europe. Next Autumn these distinguished players will again be seen together in Shakespearian and other plays of their repertoire.

chic response on the part of each actor interviewed and considered for each part in the play. By this means he seeks to determine whether there is hope that the part is going to be realized. Questions, too, are asked as to what part the applicant has recently played, so as to get a line upon what the actor has been doing in his profession.

The importance of types being properly cast was never better illustrated than by an example in "The Concert," recently current at the Belasco Theatre. In the last act there is just a bit for Mr. Cope, that of a bibulous old Irish caretaker. Now Belasco realized that that character, made to stand out by a fine actor, would give that play fresh impetus and keep it going until the final curtain. And it does. The play might have taken an awful slump but for the human touch here injected into it by the right actor. Such is the science of selecting a cast.

Now the producer or stage director who is not the author, upon reading any manuscript and gathering from its pages the "types" required, at once looks up the available people, *i. e.*, those preferably who are at that moment "resting," and to these are sent a note requesting them to call, whereupon the part is outlined to them. Sometimes if it is an important part the actor is allowed to read the play and asked if he can "see himself" in a given part. Generally speaking, he can. For the minor parts usually several people are selected tentatively, as there may be a question as to how personalities in a cast will not only harmonize, but also conflict in the *ensemble* of the whole cast.

Then comes what is popularly known as the "acid test," and this is when these tentatively chosen people are taken to a theatre or rehearsal hall and called upon to read the part. These are the conditions: A perfectly bare stage lighted by a single gas jet, the theatre itself shrouded in gloom and covered with cloths, and out in front one solitary man watching you as a cat does a mouse. And then, with a manuscript you have never had in your hand of a play, the title of which may even be unknown to you, you read that part. Only those who have been through this ordeal can realize what an ordeal it is. The lay mind can form no conception. The man out in front may be much impressed and he may not. The usual decision is that the applicant has a chance to go through the part at a regular rehearsal.

When all of the people for the play have been tentatively chosen they are assembled on stage and an inventory taken of the cast. Do their personalities harmonize or conflict? Is this one too short, too tall, or is the coloring effective? A dark gentleman should naturally mate with a fair lady. This care is even carried into the ranks of the supers and chorus. Types are just as important there as in a selected cast in a social comedy at the Empire, Lyceum or Hudson Theatres.

Curious contradictions happen in spite of the utmost care. For "Thais" the management engaged for the major-domo an actor who stands six feet two inches in his stocking feet and carries himself like a grenadier. The costume of the part consisted of a Julius Cæsar tunic, with a leopard skin thrown across his body, fastened by a jewel of sapphire and diamonds. He wore an Egyptian wig and was made up like Othello, beard and all. Also sandals, and thongs to his knees, and carried a staff of office. After the first dress rehearsal the author and the stage manager rushed up to the actor and the following comic relief was injected into the performance:

"This won't do at all! You are entirely too imposing."

"Well, I can't help that," retorted the actor. "God made me that way."

"But you fail to grasp the character——" insisted the manager.

"Didn't you know that I was imposing when you engaged me?"

"But you walk around here—a mere major-domo—and put everybody in the shade."

The too majestic actor received two weeks' notice, and another actor at one-half the expense now looks the major-domo.

Sometimes the author's entire conception of a personality is changed by force of circumstances. Witness, Henry Arthur Jones' celebrated play, "Mrs. Dane's Defence." The manuscript contains this description of Mrs. Dane:

"A pretty, soft-voiced, dark little woman of 23."

In London, Miss Mary Moore was cast for the part, but fell ill, and in the emergency Miss Lena Ashwell created the part, and in this country Miss Margaret Anglin. Now neither of these ladies is dark, nor soft-voiced, nor little, and neither would be described as pretty, and perhaps if author Jones' conception had been adhered to the fate of the play might have been different. Who can tell?

A whole book could be written on the trials and disappointments that fill up a season in the selecting of casts for the immense number of theatrical companies touring this country, and how each disappointment for the actor is succeeded by a new hope! It reminds us of James Russell Lowell's beautiful line: "Patience after all is the finest courage."

HARRY P. MAWSON.

White

SCENE IN "THE FOLLIES OF 1911" AT THE JARDIN DE PARIS

Photos White — Eleanor St. Claire — Frances Leslie — Capp Storer

THREE ATTRACTIVE PLAYERS SEEN IN "FOLLIES OF 1911" AT THE JARDIN DE PARIS

Moving Picture Barnstormers

IT was a harassed road manager who once said to me: "One of the advantages in the small cast play is that if you carry ten people you have only ten 'kickers.'"

At that time no one dreamed it ever would be possible to present over the country a large repertoire of drama without any actors at all. Motion pictures had not become popular then. To-day, although a majority of cities and towns have their established theatres for this style of entertainment, there also are a number of traveling moving picture organizations. They can present plays with as many characters as they please—fifty or a hundred, perhaps—and it makes no difference in their running expenses. Moreover, their actors never "kick." They may have grumbled at rehearsal, but if they did it matters nothing to the manager who brings them before the public. With him they are so silent and obedient that he will tell you sardonically he can hardly believe they are actors at all. He half expects them to break loose even from the films.

In these days when in most cities vitagraph shows are as numerous as grocery stores, and more so than churches, it may surprise many persons to be told that there are hundreds of fair-sized towns in America which possess no picture theatres. Into these dark places the traveling vitagraph man comes, literally, like a ray of light. He hires the town hall or "opera house," and swoops in to brighten up the benighted denizens with the sort of entertainment that more favored communities enjoy perpetually.

His pictures are as good as those seen in a large city. They must be. Even if a town has, for some inscrutable reason, never achieved a "nickelodeon" of its own, its people are critical. The "films" may not be the latest put forth by the various producing companies, but they must never have been used in this particular town. Nothing is more promptly resented by the moving picture patron everywhere than a "back number." Therein he differs from the confirmed vaudeville-lover.

As a rule there are not many people nor much baggage in the traveling organization. The manager is often the operator of the picture machine, and generally he has one assistant, who helps him hang the white sheet and put up the apparatus in the hall. The lantern, sheet and films may be carried in two large trunks, the calcium-gas generators in another. More often the generators are not packed up at all, but conveyed loose. For general light the show depends upon the local gas company, or uses oil lamps.

There are other items of expense, however. For instance, an advance agent is a necessity. He goes ahead a week or ten days, as he would if representing a theatrical company, and "bills the town." He puts lithographs in the store windows, and occasionally posts a "three-sheet" on a regular billboard. Each set of films has its own lithographs, supplied at the market rate by the producing companies. So the manager, for a small monetary consideration, has his advertising matter ready to his hand.

The *avant-courier* takes his lithographs with him, and uses in each town as many as seems worth while. He also "sees the newspapers," and talks up his attraction enthusiastically in the hotel, drug store, grocery, blacksmith shop, "public square" and other centres of gossip, quite in the style of the old-time theatrical advance man, who, even in "one-night stands," has so nearly passed away.

Usually the lithographs, when they have served their purpose, are collected by the manager and his as-

ELIZABETH GLUCK
Danseuse in the Russian ballet

sistant, to be used over again. The prices of admission to the entertainment are necessarily low, and economy is practiced wherever possible.

One weakness in the business of traveling picture shows has been the necessity of taking in only communities along the railroads. Residents of many small towns and villages lying back in the country never see a moving picture exhibition at home. When the yearning for that form of dissipation overcomes them they have to hitch up the old mare and drive perhaps twenty miles to the market town, where theatres and other city pleasures prevail.

But there is hope for the worthy ruralite. A firm of young men, who have made a rather spectacular success of a picture theatre in Cleveland, are putting on a road show with a new idea. To begin with, they will not trouble the railroads. Their entire outfit, with the exception of the advance agent, is carried in a specially fitted-up automobile. The man ahead rides a motorcycle.

Moffett, Chicago

MARY BOLAND
Who has been appearing in the comedy "Smith" with John Drew

The automobile is a steam car. It is the experience of the firm that better speed regulation is obtainable with steam than with gas, and that the former is the more reliable. Upon a substantial platform behind the front seats is set a 5-k. w. D. C. generator (dynamo), which derives its power from the engine of the car. The dynamo furnishes electricity for lighting the hall, as well as for the picture machine. This enables the management to dispense with the dangerous calcium gas ordinarily used by traveling shows. Also it makes them independent of the town for general illumination, which in small places is likely to be gas, or even coal-oil.

When the automobile reaches the hall there are doings on the outside of the building which attract general attention, and are a good advertisement in themselves. A pulley is attached to the driving-shaft of the car, which operates a belt running to the pulley of the dynamo. Then a long piece of flexible duplex wire with incandescent lamps attached is run from the generating plant on the car into the hall. It is hung on gas fixtures or other convenient places, and gives all the light required. Another wire from the dynamo connects with the picture machine.

The advance agent is also the lantern operator. With his swift motorcycle he dashes ahead to two or three towns and does his advertising work during the day, returning to the base of supplies at night in time to show the pictures.

The young men conducting the motor-car enterprise (they are three brothers and their name is Heavens) are not depending on moving pictures alone to amuse their patrons. They exhibit also a full wireless outfit. This they demonstrate to the audience, with an explanation of the details in every-day untechnical language. It has proved to be a very popular feature. Then there are other electrical phenomena which their apparatus enables them to present, and which never fail to excite interest and wonderment. Among their picture films are one or two showing flying machines of various kinds. On these, too, there is a lecture. The different principles of aviation are explained, with a few shrewd speculations as to the future of aerial science thrown in, as a make-weight.

The way the Heavens Company, of Cleveland, have broken loose from old methods has startled moving picture men. As is often the case where original ideas are introduced into a business that has been comfortably jogging along in a rut for years, the three brothers who have had the audacity to do things in their own way, without deference to traditions, are newcomers. They never were in the amusement business until about a year ago.

MISS OLGA NETHERSOLE AS MAETERLINCK'S HEROINE SISTER BEATRICE

VALESKA SURRATT IN "THE RED ROSE"

Their career as showmen, so far as it has gone, is not unlike that of the Ringlings, the circus proprietors, one of whom died recently. The Heavenses realize that the public wants novelty. That also was the secret of the success of the circus men.

When H. A., F. J. and C. G. Heavens decided to embark in the moving picture industry their first determination was that they must have a fireproof theatre. They built one—of cement. It cost five hundred dollars. Having bought a good-sized lot near the entrance to a much-frequented park on the outskirts of Cleveland, it cost them only the above-named sum to erect their building. Of course, it conforms with all the laws and regulations of the Building and Fire Department. It had to. Its seating capacity was two hundred and thirty people (they have enlarged it since), and there was practically no wood in it except in the seats—and they are mostly iron. The floor is concrete. Like the walls and roof, it is fireproof. The pictures are shown on a white-painted square on the end wall. This has turned out to be a vast improvement on a white sheet, because it never moves. A very slight breeze will set a cloth to quivering.

There are a number of other particulars in which this moving picture theatre differs from others. That the innovations were good has been proved by the fact that the house has made a handsome profit in its first year of existence. Two or three picture concerns in the neighborhood have barely existed, and another gave up the ghost months ago.

Whether the new ideas put into the automobile traveling show will be successful remains to be seen. No one can deny that the experiment is interesting. The eagerness with which the people of a small town turn out to the occasional moving picture entertainment is a reminder of the old days of the one-ring circus. Everyone goes to the "movers," just as, in these out-of-the-way places, they still rush to the circus. The one seems to be as fascinating as the other.

Even where there is a permanent theatre it has no chance against the picture exhibition that comes for one night only, with its new people in charge, its different pictures, and its brisk atmosphere of the outside world. This last is undoubtedly one of the principal reasons that the road show attracts most of the public on the night it is in town, utterly routing the local establishment. People may be loyal in their hearts to the home theatre, but, being human, they cannot resist the allurements of the breezy stranger, who comes, with a blare of trumpets and irresistible self-confidence, to give them something new—if not better.

The peripatetic vitagraph show in any form is a comparatively new development of the business. It requires more capital than is involved in renting an ordinary store and calling it a theatre. Traveling is always more or less expensive.

It is true the picture man has no actors, whose fares must be paid and whose trunks must be hauled from railroad station to hotel and theatre, and back again, at each stand. Neither has he their salaries to pay, nor their "kicks" to deal with.

On the other hand, the man of pictures has troubles peculiarly his own. Unless he carries all of his apparatus with him, dynamo and all, as do the Heavens Brothers, he is liable to find himself in a town some night with no means of throwing a light on the white screen. Calcium-gas generators have an unpleasant trick of failing at a crucial moment—any stage manager will tell you that—and there are few things harder to obtain than a calcium, or any other light powerful enough for a stereopticon, in a village of five or six hundred population.

Occasionally his lantern will not work and cannot be made to behave, no matter what he may do. That shuts up his show. It is worse than the defection or disability of a leading actor in a theatrical production. In the latter event another person can jump in to play somehow, and thus save the performance. But a biograph machine has no understudy. If it refuses to play its part the curtain cannot ring up. The manager must take as much care of his lantern as a grand opera impresario gives to a favorite tenor.

The many obstacles to smooth progress that beset the ordinary theatrical man "on the road" are his also. Among them are arguments with transfer men, difficulties with owners of halls who sometimes forget they have rented their premises to him, so that he finds an Indian medicine man, or performing cats and dogs, in possession of his "date."

GEO. C. JENKS.

Scenes in "The Red Rose" at the Globe Theatre

Photos White

ACT II. LOLA (VALESKA SURATT): "NOW I AM READY FOR THE BARON!"

ACT III. SINGING "THE STUDENT'S GLIDE" AT THE BALL

Copyright P. O. Boyé

MLLE. LAVALLIERE IN HER BOUDOIR IN A CHARACTERISTIC POSE

Eve Lavalliere—Paris' Most Parisian Comedienne

A LARGE, sunny room, half boudoir, half bedroom, exquisitely furnished in Louis XVth style; high windows overlooking the Tuileries Gardens; the sun flooding with radiant glow the dainty colors on walls, floor, tables and chairs; picture books, bibelots, and an antique dressing table, with a collection of miraculous hat-pins in a giant pincushion as could be seen nowhere outside of Paris; between the windows a great divan, massed high with multi-colored cushions; opposite the window a vast, beautiful bed, hung with diaphanous curtains, through the folds of which were glimpses of a portrait of that famous Lavallière of history, and below, propped up with soft piles of delicate lace and cambric pillows, enfolded in a marvelous quilt of old-rose, gold and lace, the small elf-like equivocal, enigmatic person of Eve Lavallière, the darling of Paris, the idol of the boulevards and the shining star for so many years of that incomparable company of artists at the Théâtre des Variétés. At the foot of the bed lay stretched a great white and yellow collie, watching with keen, gentle eyes every movement of his exquisite little mistress.

Sitting there, clad in a dainty old-rose kimono, shedding a hint of sadness, because of ill-health and the anxiety of a serious operation drawing near, the actress looked more like some interpreter of mysterious Maeterlinckian princesses, Rautendeleins, or Humperdinckian goose-girls, than the most witty, daring, fantastic comedienne of the French stage. The small, dark head, the waving hair, a suggestion of rich red in it, worn short like some Roman or Grecian boys, the oval face, alive with sensibility and sensitiveness and an earnest, serious intelligence, the eyes very large, of a deep and beautiful brown, with heavy lashes, deep set and luminous, of an almost tragic intensity, the outline of the face more poetical than humorous, the nose finely cut, the mouth generous, firm, a little severe, she suggested more some tragic little artist of psychological ambitions than the gaily capricious, irresistible, eccentric, mocking comedienne we know so well. And yet as she talked, despite the quaint soberness of her manner, one saw the gleam of the gifted, quick and brilliant brain, so full of its amazing powers of satirical characterization and scintillating humor, the quizzical, mischievous look in the deep eyes, which have made of Lavallière the most worshipped of all that band of incomparable French artists in rôles of pure, clean-cut, brilliant comedy.

Of all French comediennes, she is the most eminently Parisian. Réjane, Granier, Simone, Cheirel, Cassive, etc., all are more universal, as it were; could have been artistically evolved in other countries without loss to their gifts. Réjane, Bernhardt, are French by birth but universal by their attributes of genius. But Lavallière, no! she is pre-eminently Parisian. A symbol of that type, audacious, witty, enigmatic, elegant, to be met with only on the boulevards of the most seductive of all capitals. She is as local as Polaire; only Polaire's genius is more morbid, tragic,

Photo Felix, Paris

MLLE. EVE LAVALLIERE, ONE OF THE MOST POPULAR ACTRESSES ON THE FRENCH STAGE

decadent, erotic; Lavallière's is more mental, full of that delicious fantasy which is as finely French in its typicalness as is the imagination of a Barrie to the English.

Only out of the infinitely subtle, and perhaps not too wholesome, charm in which the wit and wisdom of this great city is enveloped could a Lavallière have sprung. She is a type of artist the Anglo-Saxon temperament could never evolve, any more than we could evolve an Anatole France or a Pierre Loüys. She is the type of artist, no matter how her genius may amuse, who can only be completely appreciated by those who know their Paris. For she comes to us impregnated with all her mysterious, humorous, daring refinement of attraction. Precocious more than decadent, psychological more than sensuous, with that indefinable charm which floods the boulevards and Monmartre; the careless, laughing wit of the cafés, the ever-ready repartee, the delightful, enthusiastic, artistic outlook, graceful mode of thought and expression, the merry disposition with its contradiction of quick pathos and neurotic charm.

JOSEF STRANSKY
Conductor of the Philharmonic Society of New York

In appearance Lavallière is slender, small, lithe, full of a curious, alert, definite grace, a precision of abandonment which is almost boyish in its air of impertinent daring. All her movements are perfectly natural, comic and amazingly individual, but never awkward. Her very faults of anatomy, such as rather large and spatulating hands, which are more capable of humorous suggestion than many a comedian's face; the astonishing movements of the limbs, which are so slender and so full of character that even when disguised at a carnival in far Nice as some purple Pierrot she can be recognized by those expressive, fantastic members—are all attributes to her fresh and delightful sense of satire and fun. Her most noticeable quality, even more so than the beautiful eyes, because so entirely unexpected, coming from this nervous, alert little personality, is the exceptional beauty of her speaking voice. It is low, and rich in color, with a grave cadence, at one with the sudden look of utter seriousness which fills the eyes, as of one who has dreams far beyond the work she is called upon to do. The eyes of a nun; the voice of an ecstatic; curious contradiction in the impersonator of those refined, yet so vicious rôles which the Variétés is well famed for. Her diction, like that of most French artists, even those who have passed through no conservatoire, is superb. Her speech, well forward on the lips, like that of a singer, is trenchant, to the point, direct, like the movements of her hands. When she talks of her art, rôles, dancing, colleagues, ambitions, she punctuates her speech with characteristic gestures of those remarkable hands. She is full of strange individualities this artist, and not the least are those curious hands. One returns to them as one does to the voice, to the eyes. She can enact an entire bewilderingly difficult pantomimic scene merely by gesture, keeping a full house in irresistible laughter. The thumb is energetic, domineering and full of wit, and she uses it to paint the air with, as does a painter or sculptor. It is not so much a graceful or pretty movement, as one which symbolizes well her imaginative powers and the *will* and *power* to create what she imagines.

It is doubtful, granting that Lavallière could appear in another country, if she would have been encouraged or urged. The curious specialness of her personality would have been looked on as ungraceful or unfeminine and been crushed as defective; perhaps even in France twenty-five years ago. But now she is the rage; the "type"; the founder of a whole battalion of little imitators, thin-legged and short-haired, who do not realize that these peculiarities are but adjuncts to her inner genius and not the cause of it. Yes, Lavallière is bizarre, eccentric, daring if you will; but she is the result of a perfectly natural evolution. Her work, like herself, is keenly intelligent, precise, intellectual, but never heavy or northern; and never vulgar, even in the most impossible situations. The detail is always elaborated with almost epicurean finish, and her imaginative powers seem unlimited in scenes of exaggerated comedy. Of course, like all artists, she is anxious to try a different and more serious line of work, and there is no doubt that she has a great gift for the graver side of drama; but Paris would never accept her in other rôles but those which she has made so familiar to them. There are sufficient to cause our tears and reawaken our griefs, and too few who can with such an exquisite gift of pure comedy give us unrivalled hours of gaiety and laughter.

White

H. COOPER CLIFFE
Whose impersonation of Nobody in "Everywoman" was one of the notable characterizations of the past season

Lavallière's position in Paris is unique, where engagements outside the subsidized theatres are, as a rule, very transitory. Her first engagement was at the Variétés as a "walk-on" when little more than a child; she received the large salary of eighty francs ($16) per month. Her attractive, odd personality and quick, fantastic wit soon engaged the attention of the management and she was entrusted with small parts. Her entire career has been in this one theatre. Her first noticeable success was in "Bob," a play by Gyp. With incredible swiftness, in this city where talent seems to run riot, she established herself as

(*Continued on page viii*)

Photo White

MISS AURORA PIATT
Clever young actress selected by Henry W. Savage to play the rôle of Beauty in "Everywoman"

THE SENSATIONAL SCENE IN "OEDIPUS" WHEN THE ARENA IS FILLED WITH A FURIOUS, GESTICULATING MOB

Max Reinhardt and His Famous Players

MAX REINHARDT

GERMANY has not only its Secessionists, its Super-Secessionists, its Anti-Secessionists, and its Hyper-Secessionists in Art, but its Dramatic Secessionists, too. The founders of this latest group are Max Reinhardt, of Berlin, and George Fuchs, of Munich, and their apostles are many. Not content with preaching their gospel in the Fatherland, they are invading Austria, Russia and Sweden, and now they mean to proselytize for their interpretation of dramatic art in America.

From headquarters it is announced authoritatively that next fall will see Max Reinhardt and his far-famed arena performance of the Sophoclean "Oedipus" in New York.* Whether he will give it in the English version of Professor Murray, of Oxford, as he gave it this spring in the Colosseum at London with English actors; whether he will train new American recruits, or whether he will present the von Hofmannsthal version with the original cast that has been playing in Berlin all winter, and is now *en tour* through the other cities, is not definitely decided.

The cycle of Shakespearean plays, however, which he will present before American audiences at the same time will surely be given in German, as the "Kunstfreunde" (friends of art) who have asked Professor Reinhardt to come over, with sufficient financial guarantee to make the trip worth while, include the most prominent German-Americans in the country. The object underlying this plan is not only to give the Secessionists a chance to preach their gospel, but to give the German theatre in America a necessary "boost," and to prove, what the Germans have always maintained, that they have a deeper understanding, a keener appreciation of Shakespeare than the English-speaking people. It is their firm belief that they discovered Shakespeare, and some of them even go so far as to say that the Bard of Avon is a German. How they prove this claim of nationality is a matter neither here nor there—what is of importance is to see how they understand and choose to interpret his work. The plays which will probably be used to illustrate their theories are "Hamlet," "Othello," "King Lear," "Romeo and Juliet," "Mid-Summer Night's Dream," "Twelfth Night," "Merchant of Venice," and "The Comedy of Errors."

What are the Secessionists? What do they believe and how do they put their theories into practice? As the Secessionists in the pure arts broke away from the conventional, historical restrictions, so the Secessionists in dramatic art are breaking away from the "literary drama," the purely narrative plays of the early eighties, and the later problem and *genre* plays with a so-called moral, historical, social, religious or ethical purpose. They want dramatic art for the sake of dramatic art—not for the sake of preaching a moral, saving a soul, exploiting a theory, or explaining a mental process. As the painters, the sculptors, the architects, want pure art, free from the shackles of historical reverence and the imitation of the work of centuries past, which has no practical or artistic value in present times, and which hinder the artist from expressing himself and the age in which he lives, so the actors want a pure, an absolute dramatic art, unhampered by the "literary" demands of another age, another time. To them the manner of presentation is of infinite more value than the matter presented. The Secessionists believe that the stage derives its power, not through the position it takes in regard to the fundamental problems of life, but through the artistic form in which it presents these problems. In short, it is the controversy of art for art's sake brought upon the stage.

The object of the Secessionists is not to teach and to reform (they strenuously oppose all theories that the theatre is an educative influence), but to give pleasure and joy, to make each member of the audience feel at peace with himself, and not to leave him with a head full of new perplexities and problems. They want to make their hearers feel in harmony with the world, not torn and harassed by another contemplation of the incomprehensible com-

*According to a cable despatch from the *New York Times'* correspondent in Berlin James C. Duff of New York has contracted for the production next season of M. Reinhardt's Oriental pantomime "Sumurun," which was the sensation of the Berlin theatrical world the past year, and took London by storm a few months ago. M. Reinhardt will produce "Sumurun" in New York, and then throughout the United States and Canada, with the full original cast. "Sumurun" not only presents the most lavish stage pictures of Oriental life ever presented, but also by far the most daring.—EDITOR'S NOTE.

plexities of life and favor and fortune.

"The theatre is not a continuation school for grown-ups," writes George Fuchs, the director of the Münich Kunstler Theatre. "Never did the people work so hard and so much as they do to-day; never were they, therefore, less inclined, after a day's strenuous work, to be overpowered with new impressions, to undertake the solution of difficult, even disagreeable, problems. The theatre ought to be a public social undertaking, through which the partaker may be brought to forget the haste and the waste of the day's toil, where he may find a new relief in life through the fascinating spectacle of sorrow and joy, of hate and love, which he sees presented before him. The theatre should be the giver of joy and amusement, but —in an artistic way. If it is that, it fulfills its purpose as a theatre in the highest sense of dramatic art; if it fails, it is nothing but a second-rate show place. The material matters not. It is the manner of presenting the material that makes a good or poor production."

SCENE IN MAX REINHARDT'S PRODUCTION OF "OEDIPUS"

The Secessionists are of the opinion that the people never went to see the classics because they didn't enjoy them; that they did not enjoy them because they could not understand them as they were given by the "literati." In the old-time performances, they maintain, the *dramatis personæ* were not human beings, they were characters in literature. If one had not an intimate knowledge of the work and the author, one did not derive a keen desire to acquire it; and if one did have, these performances did not offer much enlightenment. Many people's theatres have failed because the philanthropists who wanted to bring the classics to the people, or the other way around, the people to the classics, thought that any performance was good enough. That is a vital mistake, maintain the Secessionists, for it is just for those who do not know the classics, who have no interest in the masterpieces, that the performances should be especially good. Let them derive genuine pleasure from a Shakespearian performance, given in a truly artistic setting and historical correctness, and they will soon enough learn to prefer it. Appreciation for the beautiful and the artistic is not a class matter, thinks Max Reinhardt, but a matter of individual temperament, just like a capacity for work, a jealous nature or a sense of rhythm. That is why he wants to have a theatre big enough to seat 5,000, wherein the expensive seats for the exclusive few will help to pay for the cheaper seats for the pleasure-hungry many.

SCENE IN THE REINHARDT PRODUCTION OF "OEDIPUS"

To fulfill this desire, friends are building an arena-theatre for him in Berlin, and a second one in Munich, which will be followed by others in various parts of the Empire. Here he means to give "Volksfestspiele," large-scale productions, played in amphitheatres from four sides of the show-place, instead of three, as in the ordinary theatres.* The trial-

*Among the classics which the Secessionists regard as adaptable for these productions are the dramas of the Greeks, a mystery play of the Middle Ages, Shakespeare's plays, "Hamlet," "Lear," "Macbeth," "Midsummer Night's Dream," "Taming of the Shrew," "The Tempest," "Comedy of Errors," Goethe's "Faust," I and II, Schiller's "Robbers," "Jean D'Arc," "Bride of Messina," Wallerstein's "Kleists," Penthesilea and Hebbel's "Niebelungen."

ELSE HEIMS AS PORTIA

piece, "Oedipus," was given in a circus, of which one end was occupied by the stage proper, presenting a massive Greek palace, with high steps leading down into the ring. About this, on three sides, sat the audience. There was no curtain, there were no footlights. "The monumental drama cannot bear the trappings of the ordinary stage," says George Fuchs. "It is too big—the usual stage tricks fail absolutely in their effect here. Audience and actors form one big community." That is why, when one arrives, one may see all the dramatic paraphernalia there is, and may spend the time before the play begins in guessing what they are going to do with it. However, one usually guesses wrong, as Reinhardt's performances are always full of surprises.

The first surprise in "Oedipus" was to find oneself in Egyptian darkness, out of which rang, clear and loud, a clarion trumpet-call. Then four lithe youths, clad in the altogether, and bearing their torches on high, ran out from the centre entrance opposite the stage, up the vast steps, to kindle the calcium lights, resembling ancient altar fires that stand at either side of the palace. Where and how these youths then disappear, one doesn't notice, as the attention is distracted by a rumbling that is neither thunder nor the rolling of nine-pins! A rumbling that has too many tones, too many dissonances to be mechanical; louder it grows, nearer it comes, and with it a jostling, seething gray mass of human beings that pours into the arena through three entrances. Their inarticulate cries and wails grow more intense; pierced here and there by the shrieks of a woman or the groan of a man's voice, they finally concentrate into the insistent demands for "Oedipus." It is the plague-ridden people of Thebes, come to beg for succor at the palace of the King. Their voices penetrate through the heavy palace walls—Oedipus himself comes out to answer them. Hand over eyes, he steps out upon the platform before his door and gazes into the darkness of the pit in search of the author of his summons. Thus they discourse, the King and his people, he in his majesty towering above them, they in their misery standing below. He promises them aid; they turn and leave him, murmuring encouragement and hope the one and the other; the strong carrying the weak, the less afflicted supporting the dying. Out of the darkness into which they disappear comes all the ill-fortune that besets Oedipus, bit by bit, until finally, overwhelmed by an accumulation of tragedies, blind, powerless and deserted, he is driven into the darkness himself, followed by the same mob, which dares not even touch him now, for fear of pollution.

This tragedy of a puppet of fate who, in spite of the fact that he unknowingly murdered his father and married his mother, must bear the punishment meted out for such crimes, must be presented on a large scale in order that it may exert its full power and have its entire effect. Reinhardt's production is one of the "deed," not the "word." The text is secondary. Although every word, whether it was spoken by a member of the mob, one of the chorus, or a principal, could be heard on a twenty-five-cent seat under the roof of the circus. It was not of the words the holder of that seat thought as he left the performance, but of the series of pictures he had seen. There was the scene with the mob, with its sea of arms outstretched first to Oedipus, then to his brother-in-law, Creon, who had come with the answer of the oracle, followed by the scene with the seer, Teiresias. . . .

ELSE HEIMS AS OPHELIA

A wonderful, majestic old man, in flowing white beard and flowing white gown, led through the arena by a mere slip of a graceful lad clad in ancient scantiness, it presented a marked contrast in its simplicity and quiet to the stormy scene that had preceded it. There were the several scenes with the classic chorus, twenty odd venerable sires who came and went through the side entrances as noiselessly as the mob was noisy in its coming and going. The dignified scenes with the queen, "Tocasta," and her group of hand-maidens, in the first part; the hysterical scenes with these same hand-maidens towards the end of the play, in which they run up and down the palace steps, back and forth between house and people, reporting breathlessly of the suicide of the queen, the blinding of the king. In spite of the vastness of it all, the strength of the *en masse* playing, the *finesse* of the individual acting was not lost. Beside the memory of the pictures, the memory of the acting of Paul Wegener, with his metallic, ringing voice, as Oedipus, and Tilla Durieux, whose every gesture is a text in itself, as Tocasta, remains indelibly impressed upon the mind of the thousands upon thousands who have come out of the Reinhardt performance, blinking their eyes and trying to accustom themselves to the electric light of the new world they had forgotten for two hours while they were living with the suffering Thebans in the old.

ALEXANDER MOISSI AS HAMLET

Reinhardt took the liberty—and herein lies his secessionism—of changing the text to suit modern ideas of dramatic art, instead of adhering religiously to the old. The words of the chorus he divided, giving various lines to separate members, instead of having them say everything in unison. In the Greek original, a servant of the queen recounts at great length the entire tale of her death, the grief of her son, Oedipus, his self-destructing act of blinding his eyes. In the present version of Hugo von Hofmannsthal, this is told in scraps by the frightened, hysterical hand-maidens of the queen as described above. He made these changes in order to break the monotony, to heighten the dramatic effect. He does not give the play with masks or leggings, as the ancients presented it; he does not maintain the sacral style in all its rigid simplicity, where he does not regard it as fit, and—above all—as pleasing to the modern audience. One cannot say whether he has added the advantages of modern dramatic technique to the ancient methods of production, or whether he has simplified modern methods, freed them from the burdens of petty detail by introducing into them the largeness of concept exemplified on the classic stage, but certain it is that he has blended the two indisputably well. The important consideration is that he has maintained the dramatic idea of the whole, that he has made the awful tragedy of "Oedipus" real and kept intact the immensity of its conception.

CAMILLA EIBENSCHUTZ AS JULIET

The same is true of Reinhardt's Shakespearian productions. He does not give these plays as their author gave them, with negligible scenery, and signs for decoration and lucidity, nor does he adhere to the Shakespearian stage traditions that have accumulated through the centuries. He utilizes the best of each method—the old and the new—insofar as it helps him to make his production artistic. His presentations are historically correct, but if "correctness" means anything ugly or grotesque or unsymmetrical, it is omitted or modified. Especially is this true of the costumes. These he reduces, as far as possible, to an "ideal costume"—one that suggests the outline of the fashion it represents, but not its details. Frills and furbelows detract from the harmonious, artistic effect of the whole. Neither a painter nor a sculptor perpetuates the moods of fashion—why should the dramatic artist? If "just plain drapery" will do, it is best; if a jerkin made of one piece and a doublet and hose suffices for the men, so much the better; if, however, as in "Don Carlos," there must be crinoline skirts, then let there be crinoline skirts, but simple and correct and as undecorated as possible. Here it is proverbial that "Beauty unadorned is adorned the most."

The same is true of the scenery. If it can be simple and plain, grand architecturally, built on big, straight lines, it is well. In "Hamlet," the scene changes very little; the king's throne room is a big, bare, brown-walled room, such as a Scandinavian ruler of the early middle ages might have had. A throne at one end—a simple, block-like structure, covered with a heavy tapestry, bearing the royal arms—is the sum total of the furniture. The effect of the size and the vastness of the room is heightened by the long lances carried by the attendants. This, and the exaggerated simplicity, serve to make the tragedy more poignant, the fate of the melancholy Dane more inexorable, the philosophy of the drama more telling. Some, however, can only see in it a "barn-like" scene, a shabby interior, for they cannot give up the sumptuous palace hall they have been used to seeing, with heavy gold and purple trappings, rugs and cushions in profusions, glittering, gorgeous courtiers.

ALEXANDER MOISSI AS ROMEO

GERTRUDE EYSOLD
In "A Midsummer Night's Dream"

RUDOLF SCHILDKRAUT AS SHYLOCK

But if all of the Secessionist productions are given on this scale of simplicity, where do they get their reputation for extravagance? how can their enemies say that they dazzle the audience into enthusiasm by the sumptuousness of their stage settings? Reinhardt surely would not have been the first one to use the turning stage had he not found ample use for it. The first Shakespearian play—or, rather, the first play of any author—which he gave on the stage of the Deutsches Theatre in Berlin was "A Midsummer Night's Dream." With the elaborateness of that production he staggered his Berlin audience—they were speechless with astonishment. For weeks they talked of nothing else.

This comedy, he decided, was a fairy-tale, and as such it must be put on the stage. In fairyland, elves and goblins and gnomes are essential, so elves and goblins and gnomes there were. But these were not stage people, not at all—they were woodland sprites dancing about on a carpet of real green moss in an open place where the moonbeams play. The birch trees were so real that the gnomes could pick off the bark with their teeth, and the glow-worms in the cool green moss buzzed secrets into the ears of the goblins that gamboled about. The elves, according to tradition, wore fitting green scarves, and their pretty pink toes twinkled in the moonshine. They were a vain little lot, and so, whenever they could, they took a peek at themselves in the clear water of the pool, until Puck came bouncing, tripping and skipping along and chased them away.

"Entirely too realistic," said the dissenting critics. "Too bizarre, too extreme," they called it. Then Reinhardt silenced them by bringing "Hamlet" in all the simplicity of its grandeur.

No wonder he has enemies in Germany. At one fell blow he is throwing over many of their most cherished traditions. Juliet is not a beautiful, blonde maiden, with a longing for romance, but a black-haired Italian child of thirteen years, dressed like a portrait of Lucca de la Robbia, chasing about the stage in the exuberance of her youth in the first scenes—subdued and surprised by her sudden great passion in the last. The Montagues and Capulets are real Italians, sensitive, easily angered—one sees immediately that a family feud is unavoidable, that it is a matter of vital importance in the lives of each and everyone belonging to these households. The curtain rises on a narrow Italian alley, crossed by a first-story bridge—one feels instinctively "If a Montague should meet a Capulet here, why, then—" and sure enough—that is what happens.

THE LAST SCENE IN "HAMLET," AS PRODUCED BY THE REINHARDT PLAYERS

The parts of the hero and heroine are played by very young people—that is another Secessionist idea. That

(*Continued on page vi.*)

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MME. LILLIAN NORDICA

This distinguished prima donna will be heard next season in a new opera called "The Blue Forest," which Henry Russell is bringing over to this country

Summer Nights in London

IN Russell Square, overlooking Bedford Place, is a statue of Francis, Duke of Bedford. His is the usual costume of the British statue, consisting of rather tight-fitting pajamas and a bed coverlet thrown gracefully over his shoulders and trailing down his back. Handsome and well shaped as he is—a statue has no excuse for being badly shaped—the most remarkable characteristic of this gentleman is his expression of inordinate pride. Rome in its decadence never furnished an emperor so haughty. I do not know what number of duke this Francis was, nor how far he was removed from the first Duchess of Bedford, Edward the Fourth's intriguing mother-in-law, but no degree of intimacy with this bronze gentleman could weaken his effect upon me—he stands the Statue of Disdain. That the red-faced hackney coachmen dared to halt their mangy steeds daily directly under his nose was an exhibition of courage that kept me in a perpetual state of admiration. The square is, however, locked against them, and against me and against everything living except innumerable cats and dogs; were it otherwise I can picture Francis, Duke of Bedford, climbing down from off his pedestal and trailing his bedclothes away to more exclusive scenes.

London has only one Francis, but she has myriad squares like Russell all hermetically sealed to humanity. Their walks are cleanly swept, the dead leaves decorously removed—this labor seems to be done by invisible hands—the foliage of tree and shrub is washed by countless showers and kept a deep and painful green. I have looked in vain for the dusty plane tree of London sung by the Cockney poets—it must be a poetic license. Dust isn't present in the summer, the rainy season, except in the form of mud.

Although this part of London has long been a favorite with touring Americans, it was never fashionable, bankers and stock brokers affecting it for residence. Hard-hearted George Osborne and poor John Sedley lived here, if we may credit Mr. Thackeray, but Russell and Tavistock and Bedford have fallen from the heavy opulence of that black walnut period. Many of the cumbersome and ugly mansions are let out in "board residence," a peculiar and uncomfortable British way of housing strangers, while Upper Bedford Place is slowly but surely taking the boarding-house honors away from Bloomsbury. In the daytime the quarter has little to recommend it besides this floating population, and they usually float early to the Abbey, St. Paul's and the National Gallery. After nightfall, however, excellent entertainment of the continuous variety order is provided.

The performance begins immediately after dinner, when the strangers are starting to the theatres and maids in all conditions of slatternliness rush madly to the Square to pick up taxi-cabs and ride back in them with the air of my lady on her way to a drawing room. Every sort of evening gown and *habit noir,* ranging from 1860 to the present day, are displayed by the Colonials and Americans. One woman who went out every night in a simple muslin frock evidently rested her claim to fashion on the ribbons, a different one each night, which bound up her hair. A gentleman who had left his high hat behind him in Kankakee was, nevertheless, dragged by his determined young wife to all sorts of London gaieties bareheaded and crestfallen. But these people, interesting at ordinary times, merely played the curtain raiser to the true performance.

That began with the magical irruption of all sorts of wandering minstrels. Magic must really work in this plain, matter-of-fact region; you might be scanning the upper and lower ends of this place and reporting, like sister Anne, that you saw nothing, when lo! in front of your very door, to right and left of you, spring itinerant musicians, acrobats, opera singers, actors—it is as if the stony pavement had yawned and yielded them up for your diversion.

And it is true, that when there is a prospect of pennies to be gained Upper Bedford is a region of enchantment. Until nightfall it is the emptiest street in London, a city made up of dismal regions that seem uninhabited; but if one needs a cab called or a trunk moved or a messenger for any purpose, one has but to open the outer door on this desolate street and a dozen swarm round to do your errand. Where do they hide between odd jobs—in the areas, under the dripping branches of the sodden "park"? Do they dangle, like dirty stalactites, from the eaves? I cannot answer these digressive questions—I call upon a cloud of witnesses to confirm me in my belief that nowhere in this overpopulated world are found so many unemployed creatures cringing for a penny. That Cockney cringe! Beneath its ridiculous lack of grace do you perceive something that menaces, that terrifies?

Beneath the open windows of the boarding-houses, "board residences," hotels, apartments, the strange entertainment is now in full swing. We have brought out uncomfortable, backless

Moffett, Chicago

JEANETTE HORTON
Appearing in Charles Klein's new play, "Maggie Pepper"

stools and sit down with the firm determination to be amused at as small an expenditure of pennies as possible. Our particular villain is a violinist who plays an "Ave Maria" as well as it can be played on four strings. Our neighbors to right and left have drawn a gayer lot, a singer of the worn-out stuff from the 'alls and a tumbler who is also a ventriloquist. In a few minutes, however, there will be a shift and we may get either tumbler or singer, while the stolid auditors one side or other will have to put up with the virtuoso. Across the street there are other performers and the medley goes on as such things do in Pandemonium; each singer, dancer, musician, pursues his little programme (empties his bag of tricks, to be quite professional) as if he were the cynosure of the street. It would be impossible to recognize the slow, stupid, ugly Bedford Place of daytime while this tumultuous variety of noises fills it from end to end.

Listen! A stentorian voice from the upper end of the Place dominates the clashing sounds.

"The first dramatic impersonation I will give you this evening, ladies and gentlemen, is the closing act of 'The Only Way,' from the famous novel by Charles Dickens, 'The Tale of Two Cities.' I will, with your kind permission, represent Sydney Carton."

This was perfunctory politeness, for without anybody's permission the shabby Thespian strode into the middle of the street, dashed his hat onto the pavement and launched into the tragedy. The man was by no means a bad actor. His voice was susceptible of great changes; it could be tender and sweet, it could be rich and powerful. While he acted the other performers at a little distance went on with their work undisturbed by the tragedian or he by them. Only the one-legged man who had a trained dog and the dwarf tumbler who happened to be nearest paused in their labors and gave poor Sydney Carton the tribute of a tear.

As the slow twilight faded out and the slower stream of bronze dribbled into their unwashed palms the performers gradually worked their way out of the Place in the direction of Ennesley Gardens. The pavement Irving had passed the hat and disappeared; the tumbler, the ventriloquist, the comic singer had vanished, and only the violinist with four strings still lingered, ready to play the "Ave" over again for the smallest encouragement. But even he made haste to dive into the outer shadows when, with a show of caparisoned steed, mysterious covered cart and loud staccato note from a hidden piano, entered the Masked Musicians, prepared to give their concert.

It was my first sight of this eminently British institution, and I waited with something like a thrill to see what made their perennial fascination. The black-palled cart halted, the piano gave out a gentler tinkle, steps were lowered and two men and a woman modishly dressed like dinner guests and wearing velvet masks descended and stood in front of the cart. Their first selection, given in the conventional concert style, is from an ancient, florid opera; then the men step back and lean negligently on the wheels of the cart while the prima donna shrills the aria of "Santuzza." A good baritone voice follows with a sentimental song of the day, his mate "obliges" with a shrieking tenor, there is a final trio, and the concert is over save for the penny catching. Baritone, a slim, elegant figure in a perfectly fitted dress suit, holds out his shining silk hat as if conferring a favor; the other masks stand in attitudes of easy unconcern, not even whispering to each other—all is carried out with the most polished decorum; it is like a game, the carrying out of a wager. Pence roll in thickly and there is no sordid suggestion.

This is the featured act of the Bedford Place vaudeville. No sooner have the maskers faded away as silently as they came than the minor performers re-emerge from the shadows to reap but a languid interest and few pennies. Indeed, it is eleven o'clock and Russell Square, economical of gas as of other material comforts, is turning it off and going to bed.

Tavistock Square, a replica of Russell except that it lacks a Francis, bounds Bedford Place at the upper end, but the itinerant performers neglect it altogether. Were it not for the immature men servants who are learning to be butlers in this penurious school and the overworked maids from the *pensions,* pretty Tavistock would be as deserted by night as it is by day. Little Cockney love affairs go on there by means of shoves and taps and a prodigious deal of heavy chaffing while the mistresses and boarders are watching the passing show. How these toil-worn, harshly driven menials can think of any sport but sleep, even under a summer moon, is surprising, but until the cheese-paring housekeepers call them in to lock up for the night, these coupled Cockneys wander up and down, bantering, nudging and ha-haing like rough lovers the world over. WILLIS STEELL.

French Military Tower in the heart of the desert

The "fumoir" in Count Landon's garden

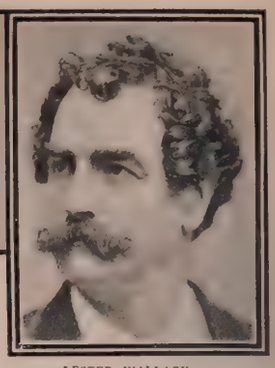
Robert Hichens, the author, in Count Landon's garden

PREPARING FOR THE AMERICAN PRODUCTION OF "THE GARDEN OF ALLAH"

The Messrs. Tyler, Ford and Morange expedition which went into the desert to secure material for the forthcoming production of "The Garden of Allah" at the Century Theatre, New York, arrived in Phillipville, Africa, on April 12. Three days later they met Robert Hichens at Biskra (Beni-Mora). After a week's sojourn there, they pierced the heart of the desert, saw a sand-storm at a safe distance, and Mr. Morange, the scenic artist, secured the sketches he desired.

The American Stage a Generation ago

AUGUSTIN DALY



LESTER WALLACK

THE last quarter of the nineteenth century and the first decade of the twentieth wrought a perfect transformation in the metropolitan city of New York. The Broadway of 1875 has given place to a boulevard of towering skyscrapers which is the wonder of observing tourists. In no direction, perhaps, has the transformation been more complete than in its effect on the conditions surrounding the production of works of dramatic art. The stage methods of the past have been completely revolutionized by the progress of the city in its business development. The playgoer of a generation ago sees nothing in the management of the theatres to-day to remind him of what he regards as the "palmy days" of the drama, and he is apt to cause the present admirers of the stage no little amusement by his sage remarks about the "good old days" of Forrest and Booth, Charlotte Cushman, and Ristori. The old theatre has passed into history, leaving behind it many pleasant memories for what Young America calls the "old fogies." These memories are gratefully treasured by the playgoers of the olden time, who gain more real pleasure from their contemplation than from any of the "combination" plays which are offered them in the twentieth century theatres.

CLARA MORRIS

FANNY DAVENPORT

For the old stock theatres of the metropolis formed a very important element in the city's attractions. They were as distinct and prominent features of New York life as the Stock Exchange or the City Hall. Every visitor to the city visited one or more of them, and when he returned to his home he told the story of his night at the play, and became the envied of all his hearers. His reminiscences of Lester Wallack, rare old John Gilbert, Fanny Davenport and Clara Morris, not forgetting delightful old Mrs. Gilbert, whiled away many a long evening in the farmhouse or the village inn, and entranced the listeners, as they eagerly drank in the words of him who had gazed on these famous actors of the metropolis. All this is changed now. The same plays and the same players who furnish amusement for New York City to-day will be seen in every city of the land which possesses a theatre, or an apology for one, and its citizens have but to await their appointed time to enjoy the show precisely as though they had made a trip to New York to attend it. The distinctive theatre of New York as we knew it a generation ago has passed away, apparently forever.

ADA REHAN

JOHN BROUGHAM

The stock company marked the very beginning of dramatic enterprise in New York. Indeed, no other form of theatrical entertainment was possible at first than that presented by the stock company. The city had no traffic arrangements with any other towns except by the dawdling stage coach, travel by which was not only very slow, but very expensive. To transport an entire production from city to city was at that time a practical impossibility, so that the combination system, which now prevails so extensively, was not at all practicable. Burton's stock company was a very creditable organization for the time in which it existed, but the first company which really became famous in New York was that of Lester Wallack, which held the amusement-loving public in the hollow of its hands for nearly forty years. During its long and memorable career it encountered much serious competition and was obliged to fight vigorously to maintain its position. The Daly and Palmer companies, organized later, made serious onslaughts on its position, but, in spite of all opposition, the Wallack company never yielded a point in the struggle, and it was as popular when the death of Lester Wallack resulted in its disbandment as it was during the long years of its successful career.

E. A. SOTHERN

EDWIN BOOTH

Lester Wallack had been for some time the leading man of the old Burton company, playing under the name of Mr. Lester, when, in 1852, he decided to join the forces of J. W. Wallack, who had assumed the management of the old Brougham's Lyceum at the corner of Broadway and Broome Street, under the name of Wallack's Lyceum. New York at that time was not the great city it has now become.. According to the census of 1850 her entire population amounted to but 515,547 souls, less than a sixth of its present dimensions. Fourteenth Street was really the practical limits of the city's boundary to the north. To be sure, there are a few scattered residences above this line, but to all intents and purposes Manhattan Island was a wilderness above Fourteenth Street. The business centre of the city was near the old Wallack Theatre, and the house drew its patronage from north and south, east and west.

ROSE COGHLAN

It was under these conditions that the first Wallack's Theatre opened its doors.

Lester Wallack had made for himself a magnificent reputation during his engagement at Burton's, and it was not long before he became the real head of the Wallack fortunes. As a manager he at once made a popular appeal, but he was wise enough not to rely wholly on his own popularity for the success of his house. He formed a supporting company of artists such as had never before been seen on the New York stage, and this company he continually strengthened from year to year until it became known the world over as one of the most perfect aggregations of players ever brought together under a manager.

AGNES ETHEL

JOSEPH JEFFERSON

Among the many notables included in the Wallack list of players which entertained New York for more than a generation ago were W. G. Blake, Mrs. John Hoey, who temporarily left the stage and married the president of the Adams Express Company, Ione Burke, one of the most charming women who ever trod the boards; John Brougham, the genial comedian, whose bright

W. J. FLORENCE

Sarony

John Drew and James Lewis
In "The Taming of the Shrew"

Falk

Kyrle Bellew
When leading at Wallack's

Sarony

Charles Fisher and Mrs. Gilbert
In "The Taming of the Shrew"

spirits made him a welcome companion in any circle; C. J. Parsloe, C. Chippendale, Charles Fisher, who was imported from England by Mr. Burton to take the place in his company vacated by Mr. Wallack, and afterwards seceded to the enemy; John Gilbert, the "rare old man" who succeeded Mr. Fisher when the latter was engaged for the rival Daly company; Harry Becket, Osmund Tearle, Kyrle Bellew, Rose Coghlan, Harry Edwards, Madame Ponisi, one of the finest "old women" of the stage; Annie Robe, and others whose reputations are cherished in the archives of the drama.

FREDERIC DE BELLEVILLE

The Wallack company remained at its old theatre near Broome Street until the breaking out of the Civil War in 1861. By this time the bounds of the city had greatly enlarged, and the movement of the population uptown had become of great volume. The census of 1860 credited New York with 813,669 citizens, a gain of nearly 300,000 in ten years. The business centre had reached Fourteenth Street, and Mr. Wallack found it politic to advance with the upward stream. He leased a site at Thirteenth Street and Broadway from the Astor estate, and there constructed his second theatre, the finest building of the kind that had been erected at that time. Here he remained for more than twenty years, from September 25, 1861, to January 4, 1882, when the company moved into its latest new house, at Broadway and Thirtieth Street, which was its final resting place. When this last house was first occupied the population of the city had grown to 1,250,000, and Wallack's was in the van of the theatres in the upward movement.

The success of the Wallack company was permanent from the beginning. Of course, there were fluctuations in the receipts, and some seasons were more profitable than others, but is was said that Lester Wallack never experienced a losing season. It became "the fashion" to pass an evening at Wallack's. This success naturally attracted other men to the theatrical business, and Wallack's met and subdued several rivals before Augustin Daly, the man whom it could not conquer, stepped into the arena.

SARA JEWETT

Mr. Daly had devoted a good deal of his time to journalism, and had written several plays, among them "Under the Gaslight," which achieved a remarkable popular success. He became infatuated with the stage as a business proposition, and, finally, after trying his hand at managing several stars, he made a bold break in 1869, and opened the little Fifth Avenue Theatre in West Twenty-fourth Street, with a stock company of great ability. The opening of the Fifth Avenue began a new era in the dramatic history of New York. It was a challenge to Lester Wallack, which he promptly accepted and a struggle began between the two managers for the popular favor, which never ceased until Mr. Wallack was carried to his grave.

It was on August 16, 1869, that Mr. Daly inaugurated his enterprise. The whole interior of the little house, which adjoined the Fifth Avenue Hotel, was remodeled, the most exquisite taste being displayed in the decorations. The stage was a small one, but perfectly adapted to the style of entertainment which Mr. Daly proposed to give. The opening performance was of Robertson's comedy, "Play." The theatre was packed to overflowing, many attending with the hope of catching a glimpse of the young author of "Under the Gaslight," and many, no doubt, attracted by the novelty of an attempt to beard the Wallack company in its own pasture. Those who went with a view of

Stage hands and house staff of Wallack's Theatre on the day of Lester Wallack's funeral, September 10, 1888

seeing Mr. Daly were wofully disappointed, for the energetic manager did not leave the stage during the entire evening. He acted as prompter, stage manager, property man, musical director, and in every other capacity known to stage art. E. L. Davenport, one of the famous actors in the cast, told me at the conclusion of the performance that Mr. Daly had been a "blasted nuisance," or words to that effect, though, possibly, more emphatic. "I ran across him everywhere," he said, "and he nearly tripped me up as I was making my most effective entrance. If the new Fifth Avenue is to be a success, Mr. Daly must be ruled off the stage during performances."

That was the opinion of Mr. Davenport, an old and popular "star," who had been accustomed to rule every stage on which he appeared. It was not the opinion of Mr. Daly, however, who continued, to his dying day, to supervise his productions, not only at rehearsals, but at performances as well, and competent critics allege that, notwithstanding the annoyance he caused to sensitive actors by this process, it was the secret of the great success which the energetic manager achieved during a career of more than thirty years as a purveyor of dramatic art.

The cast of "Play" on the opening night of the new theatre included E. L. Davenport, George H. Clarke, J. B. Polk, George Holland, the veteran old actor, the trouble over whose funeral gave to the Church of the Transfiguration, from which he was buried, the title, "Little Church Around the Corner"; William Beekman, William Davidge, another famous old player; Mrs. Clara Jennings, Fanny Davenport, then a young girl of surpassing brightness and great intellectual force; Agnes Ethel, Mrs. G. H. Gilbert, and Emily Lewis. Others in Mr. Daly's first stock company were: James Lewis, the comedian; D. H. Harkins, Lina Edwin, Marie Wilkins, George Jordan, Jr., Mrs. F. R. Franchau, and Fanny Morant. This was an organization which had never been excelled as a whole, by even the Wallack companies, and Mr. Wallack foresaw that it was likely to press him hard in the struggle for dramatic honors. Of the original members, George Clarke, James Lewis, and Mrs. Gilbert remained under engagement to Mr. Daly until death cut short his career as a manager. Mr. Lewis and Mrs. Gilbert are now dead.

"Play" was not a popular success, although Mr. Daly had altered and remodeled certain of the scenes to adapt them to the American idea. After the first night's performance, he placed Robertson's "Dreams" in rehearsal, being assured that "Play" would not achieve a long run. He presented it three weeks, his audience growing smaller with each representation, and on September 6 presented the new bill. This also had but a three-weeks' run, and then Mr. Daly boldly outlined his policy of rivalry to Wallack's by offering "Old Heads and Young Hearts." The chief feature of the Wallack season was the production of old comedy, in which Mr. Wallack did masterly work, and Mr. Daly proposed, as he expressed it, "to beat him at his own game." William Davidge was the Jesse Rural in the new production, and Mrs. Jennings the Lady Alice. The play was given but two evenings, and was followed, September 29, by "London Assurance," in which E. L. Davenport played Sir Harcourt Courtley, and his daughter, Fanny, appeared for the first time as Lady Gay Spanker. Rapid changes of programme continued, and during the first season of the Fifth Avenue twenty-two plays were presented. All were produced with strict attention to detail, and when the season closed, on July 9, 1870, the theatre had to its credit one of the greatest financial successes that had ever been known to the New York stage. "Frou-Frou" was produced on February 15 and ran continuously until May 24, more than three months, with Agnes Ethel in the title rôle. It was the bonanza find of the new theatre, and at once placed the enterprise on a substantial foundation. There was a good surplus in the treasury when the season closed, and the energetic young manager at once set to work to absorb it in future work.

White

LOUISE GUNNING

Recently seen as Josephine in the all-star revival of "Pinafore" at the Casino

In the sixties and seventies, the celebration of New Year's was a feature of every business in the metropolis. The managers of the theatres always invited their players to watch the old year out after the performance, and the New Year was always welcomed with full glasses of punch and little bursts of oratory by the actors. Mr. Daly observed this old custom on his first New Year's Eve in the old Fifth Avenue Theatre. The play of the night had been "The Duke's Motto," with Mr. Davenport as Lagadère, and when the curtain dropped the entire company gathered on the stage and engaged in merry converse and the exchange of New Year's greetings. Mr. Daly mingled with his players, and old George Holland and Mrs. Gilbert were the most honored of the company. Promptly as the prompter's clock struck midnight, Mr. Daly raised a glass of the time-honored punch to his lips and welcomed the New Year. Every member of the company quaffed the toast, and, as the glasses

Scenes in Charles Nirdlinger's New Play "Dolly Madison"

Photos White

Beatrice Noyes — Elsie Ferguson — Amelia Mayborn — Helen Bond

ACT I. DOLLY (ELSIE FERGUSON): "I AM PLEASED TO INFORM YOU THAT I SHALL MARRY JAMES MADISON"

Beatrice Noyes — Helen Bond — Elsie Ferguson — Amelia Mayborn

ACT I. DOLLY (ELSIE FERGUSON): "IT'S ALL A BIT OF SILLY GOSSIP"

were replaced on the table, Mr. Daly said:

"Gentlemen and Ladies: I am told that the people down at the Thirteenth Street house have predicted that we will never see another New Year as an organization in this house. I want to tell you that we shall live to sound the funeral knell of that old company. Let us drink once more to our future prosperity."

The glasses were raised again, and the hopeful toast was given with cheers. It proved a prophetic toast, for Daly's Theatre did outlive its rival nearly eleven years, though probably had Lester Wallack not died the disbandment of his company would have been postponed much longer.

Mr. Daly had scarcely reached his thirtieth year when he undertook to establish a new stock theatre in New York. He was full of life and energy, brimming over with novel ideas, and a man to whom labor was a sincere pleasure. Like other managers of theatres, he had engaged a stage manager when he organized his company. John Moore, one of the most genial and companionable men who ever lived, and thoroughly versed in the technique of the stage, was the man he selected for this position. He began service with Mr. Daly at the opening of the theatre, and remained with him until death severed the connection at the uptown house. But Mr. Moore found very soon that he was stage manager in name only. The real power on the stage, as well as in the business office, was Mr. Daly himself. He was not an actor, but he seemed to possess, by intuition, all the knowledge of the actor's art that it was possible to acquire. At rehearsals he was his own stage manager, and Mr. Moore's privilege was confined to making suggestions, based on old stage traditions, which Mr. Daly accepted or rejected, as suited his convenience, and, sooth to say, his rejections were more numerous than his acceptances. Mr. Moore became nervous and excitable over this condition of affairs during the first year of his service, and finally became so agitated at his apparent uselessness as a stage manager that he approached Mr. Daly one day and said:

"Say, boss, I don't seem to be cutting any figure here. Hadn't we better tear up my contract and call it quits?"

"Why, John, what's the matter now?" asked the manager, with a quizzical smile.

"Well, sir, you seem to be doing my work, and I don't feel just easy about taking my salary," said Moore.

"Now, John," was the response of Mr. Daly, "you go right along with your work, and don't bother over little things. I am the manager of this theatre, and mine is the gain if the company does good work, and the loss if it does bad work. In assuming that responsibility I intend to manage my stage in my own way, so that I shall have only myself to blame if any evil results. I want you to attend to the details of the stage management, but the rehearsing part of the business I am going to supervise myself."

White

ALICE DOVEY
Playing Angele in "The Pink Lady" at the New Amsterdam Theatre

And he kept his word until the last production was made at Daly's Theatre. George Clarke succeeded Mr. Moore as stage manager, but his position was simply an honorary one. Every bit of stage business of the old Fifth Avenue and Daly's Theatres was directed by Mr. Daly himself, and he was very stern in his enforcement of stage discipline. Many an actor and actress has sacrificed the future by refusing to submit to his methods. They were severe and annoying to independent artists, but they did the work for which they were intended and have turned out finished artists by the score to grace the American stage.

Mr. Daly's company remained at the first Fifth Avenue Theatre but little more than three years. On New Year's Day, 1873, the house was destroyed by fire, all the scenery and costumes being swept away. It was a great loss to the young manager, but it developed his energy wonderfully. Within twenty-four hours he had secured the lease of the old New York Theatre, in Broadway, opposite Waverley Place, and in sixteen days he had remodeled the old house, and the temporary Fifth Avenue Theatre was opened. It was here that Clara Morris made her wonderful hit in "Alixe," a hit which made her the reigning star of the country for many long years. The loss of the large stock of scenery by the fire was a serious one for Mr. Daly, for it necessitated the production of new scenery for every revival of his old plays, and revivals were the pet of this manager. He had in mind the establishment of a theatre similar in design to the Théâtre Français of Paris, wtih a large repertory upon which he could depend in all emergencies. After the fire in Twenty-fourth Street, every bit of scenery and every piece of property prepared for Mr. Daly was religiously guarded. Not only was the basement of his Thirtieth Street house filled with his collections, but many sets were stored safely elsewhere. Not a play was produced at any of his four houses which could not be revived at a day's notice if he deemed it advisable.

In the meantime, just before the destructive fire at the original Fifth Avenue, another element had entered the dramatic field, which promised to make much trouble for both Mr. Wallack and Mr. Daly. Sheridan Shook, a Republican politician, had built a theatre in Fourteenth Street, just around the corner from Wallack's, and this was opened as a vaudeville house September 11, 1871. The venture proved a failure, vaudeville not having, at that time, achieved the measure of popularity which it now enjoys. After one season, Mr. Shook decided to abandon his

original scheme, and engaged A. M. Palmer to form a stock company for his new Union Square Theatre.

Mr. Palmer was the son of a clergyman, who had been bred to the law, but had abandoned the profession to become Librarian of the Mercantile Library. He opened the Union Square, September 17, 1872, with a company comprising Charles R. Thorne, Jr., as leading man; James H. Stoddard, who afterward made such a great record in eccentric rôles; Sara Jewett, as leading woman; John Parselle McKee Rankin, afterward a prominent star: Stuart Robson, as comedian; Rose Eytinge, Charles Stevenson, Kate Claxton, and Marie Wilkins. This was a very strong stock company, worthy to compete with the two great companies which modeled dramatic art in New York; but it did not prove such a dangerous competitor as both Mr. Wallack and Mr. Daly had at first feared. Indeed, it did not really come into active competition with them at all, for Mr. Palmer's policy was directly diametrical to their own. He bent his energies to the securing of English dramatic successes for reproduction on the New York stage. Never, during his entire career at the Union Square, did he attempt to produce an old comedy, or any of the standard dramas, and the company was sustained for ten long years, enjoying a remarkably prosperous patronage.

Among the notable successes achieved at the Union Square Theatre were: Boucicault's "Led Astray," Sardou's "Agnes," "Miss Multon," "The Danicheffs," "A Celebrated Case," "The Banker's Daughter," "A Parisian Romance," and "The Two Orphans," in the latter of which Kate Claxton made such a tremendous hit that she has played her original part ever since as a star. It is doubtful if any play of the last twenty-five years has achieved such a permanent success as this one, with the possible exception of James O'Neill's "Monte Christo," which has only just been laid on the shelf after more than thirty years of constant repetition, season after season. Palmer's Union Square Company was a more serious competitor to Wallack's than to Daly's, because the theatre was in practically the same location as that of its rival, but with its different class of work it may be doubted if it really had any perceptible effect on the fortunes of Wallack's.

In these palmy days of the old stock companies, stars did not travel with supporting companies, as they do now. They sought engagements at the stock theatres, and were supported by the regular companies attached to the houses. Mr. Daly was more inclined at the beginning of his managerial career to the presentation of stars than was Mr. Wallack, and during his first season at the old Fifth Avenue he introduced Mrs. Scott Siddons as an attraction, Charles Matthews, and the great Edwin Booth afterward played engagements with the Daly company, and John E. Owens, with his Aminidab Sleek and Solon Shingle, was very often to be seen at Daly's. The appearance of stars made the work of the companies exceedingly trying, for rehearsals were interminable for the preparation of creditable support. But the actors of those days expected to earn their salaries by hard work, and did not look forward to a one-part season when signing their contracts. I have known Mr. Daly to rehearse his company from 10 o'clock in the morning until 5 o'clock in the afternoon, giving them time for dinner before the performance, and resume the rehearsal after the play, keeping his people on the stage until 3 or 4 o'clock in the morning. Such work as this, if forced upon an actor now, would result in a flood of protests, which would probably lead to the institution of a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Players.

Moffett, Chicago

JEAN MURDOCH

A young Chicago actress whom Daniel Frohman has engaged for three years. She made a very successful début in the leading rôle in "Seven Sisters" in Chicago, in which she succeeded Laurette Taylor. She will continue in this part the coming season, opening in September

But it was this kind of steady, versatile work which made the good old actors of the past. A stock actor, by means of it, was initiated into every branch of the profession, and achieved a versatility of methods which will be sought in vain among the professors of dramatic art to-day. He did not get the enormous salaries which are the rule now; but he gained an experience which gave him a clear insight into all the technicalities of his profession. Fifty dollars a week was an exceptionally large salary in the seventies, and the man or woman who received it was looked upon as a grand personage by fellow members of the company. Now the juvenile of the average company thinks he is mightily undervalued by his manager if he secures less than this amount for his week's work, and the compensation of the higher class artists soars into the hundreds. E. L. Davenport, a leading star in 1870, considered himself generously paid at $100 a week when Mr. Daly engaged him for his leading man. Had he flourished at this time he would have scorned a thousand dollars for the same service which he then rendered.

One of the beauties of the old stock system was the bond of sympathy which it established between the actor and his audience. Seeing the same man in different parts week after week, and month after month, the auditor naturally had the means of testing his artistic ability on a liberal scale. The leading man

or the comedian, or the juvenile, became the friend of his patrons, and often little cliques would be formed in the "pit" to encourage individual members of the cast. Applause is the actor's chief sustenance on the stage, and it was dealt out to him freely by his sworn friends. Sometimes two or three of these cliques would be present at the same performance, and then the noise and apparent confusion in the house would be almost inconceivable. It was all good natured, however, and was enjoyed by the audience as sincerely as it was by those directly interested. It was, indeed, a battle of the claquers, and whichever group won, the verdict was accepted cheerfully by the defeated opponents.

There were nights, however, in every season, when the cliques united in their demonstrations. Those were the good old "benefit" nights. Every actor or actress who held a leading position in the company was accorded by the terms of the contract with the manager a "benefit," and sometimes more than one, in addition to the salary allowed. This benefit was looked forward to anxiously, much as the small boy looks forward to the coming of Christmas. On his benefit night the profits of the theatre were given to the beneficiary. He was allowed to select his own bill, and even engaged extra performers if he so desired, and, indeed, this was often done. As a rule, however, the extra people accepted no recompense for their work, so that all the addition to the receipts drawn by them went to the beneficiary. The announcement of a benefit was sure to bring to the doors of the theatre all the friends of the actor thus honored, and he would sell tickets himself for the event, and press his personal friends into service for the same purpose. It was very seldom that a benefit did not induce a crowded house, and the beneficiary was the centre of attraction. He was applauded to the echo, and oftentimes made a little speech acknowledging the courtesies of his friends. "Benefit night" was the happiest time of his life, and when it was passed he gave himself up to spending the money it had brought him, and dreaming of the next benefit, a year ahead, and forming plans for its success.

December 3, 1873, found the Daly company in possession of the new Fifth Avenue Theatre at Twenty-eighth Street and Broadway, and here they remained until December 3, 1879, when the new Daly's Theatre, erected on the site of the old Wood's Museum, at Broadway and Thirtieth Street, was ready for them. Three years later Mr. Wallack removed to his new house, diagonally opposite, and the two rival companies were then facing each other. It was in the new Daly's Theatre that John Drew and Ada Rehan first appeared under Mr. Daly, both in minor parts, but both rose to be the leading artists in the Daly company, and, in Mr. Daly's judgment, at least, the leading stock artists of the world. It was in this fine theatre, probably the most completely appointed of any dramatic temple in the world, that Mr. Daly made those magnificent productions of Shakespeare, which fairly startled his admirers. "Twelfth Night," "As You Like It," "The Taming of the Shrew," "A Midsummer Night's Dream," "Love's Labor's Lost," "Much Ado About Nothing," and "The Merry Wives of Windsor," were among the presentations, and in all of them Ada Rehan was practically the star.

The Daly old-comedy repertory was even more extensive than that of Mr. Wallack. It embraced "The School for Scandal," "She Stoops to Conquer," "The Hunchback," "New Way to Pay Old Debts," "She Would and She Would Not," "The Country Girl," "The Recruiting Officer," "Wives as They Were, Maids as They Are," "The Busybody," "The Good-Natured Man," "Bold Stroke for a Husband," "Belle's Stratagem," "The Provoked Husband," "The Road to Ruin," "The Critic," and "The Heir at Law." The very mention of these titles will recall to the old playgoer a series of performances which were deliciously rendered by a company of genuine artists.

But the doom of the stock company system had been spoken early in the eighties. The wonderful increase in the railroad mileage of the country, and the expansion of trade, was the one great cause of the decline of the old dramatic methods. As soon as it became possible to transport productions complete from city to city, dramatic speculators began to arise, and the combination system sprang into life. It was quite evident that it would be much cheaper to move a company with scenery from one city to another than to maintain stock companies all over the land, and make new productions in every city of different plays. And so the fashion came into vogue of producing plays in New York, not with a view to making much money out of them there, but in anticipation of large returns "on the road." The system was profitable from the start. If a play simply paid the cost of its original production in the metropolis managers were satisfied, because all the receipts in other cities, exclusive of the cost of traveling expenses and the payment of salaries, were clear profit, and a season of such profits meant a small-sized fortune. And so the system grew until there was scarcely a manager in the land who had not adopted it. The "combination system" it is called, and it is a very profitable one for the managers, but it struck a blow at the advance of dramatic art from which it will probably never recover.

Of course, the combination system literally swept the stock company out of existence. Productions had to be made by artists who were willing to travel with the show, and they remained in New York only long enough to give the play the national reputation required for advertising purposes. Actors were engaged, not because they were competent general artists, as in stock companies, but because they were specially adapted to the parts furnished them by the playwrights. They were engaged for the season, and, of course, played no other part during the year than the one in which they were first cast. To a man serving under these conditions the acquirement of versatility is an absolute impossibility. Indeed, to acquire the general technique of the player's art under such circumstances is almost impossible. The man may master the character assigned to him perfectly under judicious stage management, but beyond that he cannot go. He can never reach the standard of pure art which made memorable the acting of the old stock forces; and, indeed, he has no ambition to do so. The inspiration of the stage was squelched by the combination system. Actors are content to go through the season repeating their lines and doing (*Continued on page vii*)

THE PLAYER'S PRAYER

Oh, Master Player! Thou who hath cast us in these our varied rôles,
Thou, the Director of the vast and mighty stage we call the world,
Hear Thou our prayer!

Grant us first the gift of understanding—the heart of truth, the mind of charity;
Teach us to judge not our fellow players, their rôles, nor how they play them,
But rather to remember our own parts, and the exceeding hardness of the task of true portrayal.

Grant Thou that those of us who stand apart
In high and hard-won places may remember
The long, hard path-way and the blood-marked foot-prints
They left thereon, and be a little tender—
A thought more kind to those that follow them.
And to those others,
Destined forever to the smaller rôles,
Grant Thou a simple peace and understanding
Of their own value in their humble parts,
That the Great Play, without them, could not be.
And oh! Teach all—
The greater and the less—That all who wear
The laurel and the wreaths of rarest roses
Are pierced with sharpest thorns!

Especially we ask Thee to remember
All those who this night wear the mask of mirth
O'er pallid, tear-wet faces;
Who doff their mourning for the jester's motley
That others may be merry.

Last, and most of all,
We do beseech Thee: Grant to one and all
Fortitude, peace and calm in that dread hour
When Time, Thine ancient Prompter, shall ring down
The Final Curtain.

Oh, Mighty Master Player! Grant Thou then
That there be other better Plays to come!

AMEN.

PARMLEE BRACKETT.

Photo Walery

MLLE GILDA DARTY OF THE ODEON. CREATION CHERUIT

EUROPEAN SUPPLEMENT

BY PETRONIUS

PARIS, July 10, 1911.

THE Grand Prix is the signal for the flight from town of all fashionable Parisiens. For the men the high silk hat gives place to that of Italian straw or its imitations, and to its first cousin, the Panama hat, of more or less genuineness. The crowds on the boulevards and those who frequent the restaurants in the Bois de Boulogne as now mostly composed of tourists, who find much to amuse and interest them even during the dead social season.

For the true Parisien nothing is more sad, however, than to stroll through the fashionable residence quarters and see the hermetically sealed windows of the apartments so recently full of light and life. An unnatural quiet reigns over all that betokens a Paris widowed of its Parisiens.

It is at the different and innumerable beaches from Dunkerque to Biarritz, and the casinos of the many watering places, that the true Parisiens are now to be found.

The French watering places are organized on a different plan from those of any other country. At the majority of European resorts there are three concerts a day at the casino, and one or two theatrical representations of small importance during the week. Formerly there were two unique German watering places, Homburg and Baden-Baden. In imitation of the French resorts, they tolerated public gambling. But since 1870 the German authorities have suppressed all public play

In France the prosperity of a watering place or a seaside resort can be directly traced, not, as might be logically inferred, to the number of bathers who pass the season there, but to the sums of money which the visitors hazard at play. For the municipal budget is increased by a certain percentage of the gains.

It therefore follows that without the card rooms in the casinos the municipalities would find it impossible to offer the visitors the numberless artistic entertainments they do, and these comprise plays, operas, operettas, concerts, horse shows and races; in one word, expensive attractions.

Take Nice, for example, where several thousand visitors assemble each winter to escape the shivers and chills of Northern Europe. It is owing to the large subventions of the different gaming clubs that the fêtes during carnival time have become world renowned. The cost of these fêtes mounts into hundreds of thousands of francs. The general average of play at the Municipal Casino is fifteen million francs, so that the Casino contributes a large part of the expenses occasioned by the fêtes.

In the summer it is Trouville, Vichy, Aix-les-Bains and Biarritz which attract the greatest number of players, and consequently have the greatest number of fêtes for the amusement of the crowds of visitors. It is in these four fashionable resorts that the most elegant society meets again during the summer, and it is there everyone anxious to follow society is to be found shortly after the great exodus from the capital. In the larger cities the life is freer and more independent than in the smaller summer resorts, where there is not so much to occupy and amuse the visitors, who are, therefore, more interested in the doings and sayings of their neighbors. The *petits trous pas chers,* as they are

slightingly called, are therefore avoided by those lucky worldlings who need to consider how much their pleasures cost them.

At Trouville the most picturesque moment is the bathing hour, about eleven o'clock, when the board walk is filled with a kaleidoscopic procession of Parisiens.

The different springs are the meeting places at Vichy, for it is the custom to drink the prescribed waters morning and evening. At Aix-les-Bains the favorite promenade is the path beside the lac de Bourget, of which Châteaubriand was so fond, or the funicular to Mont Revard.

From eleven to noon and from six to seven in the afternoon the favorite rendezvous at Biarritz is the macadam walk bordering the Beach. King Edward strolled there regularly every day.

Formerly the famous tables d'hôte were excellent places to study the crowds, but for several years they have given place

Photo Felix

A TRIO OF PRETTY GOWNS BY REDFERN, OF PARIS

Photo Felix

A PAQUIN CREATION

to small tables, which if they are more cosy, are less picturesque.

In a former letter I said that Frenchmen had become great sportsmen, worthy to compete with the best athletes of England or the United States. This evolution in French customs had its inspiration in the leisure of both men and women. Golf, tennis and football are the sports in which they are well up. If this School of Muscle is interesting from the man's point of view, I greatly deplore woman's participation therein. The Frenchwoman has always been the type of race incarnate in her carriage as well as in her accoutrement. Because of the exertion they necessitate I fear that the participation in sports will make her the loser, from the æsthetic point of view, of that sweet supineness which does not detract from the coquetry that is her greatest characteristic.

It must be remembered that the training of a woman of the Latin race is quite different from that of an Anglo-Saxon or a German, just because the latter go to extremes in violent exercise, and thus become masculine. I do not deny that in tennis, for example, a woman may exhibit a certain amount of grace, and that the required agility renders the muscles supple. That does not, however, prevent an enthusiast of this game from deforming her feet by jumping, from enlarging her hands and ruining her complexion; in a word, the essentially feminine woman goes to the greatest extreme and becomes nothing but a sportswoman.

American as well as English women, following the example of the stronger sex, indulge in sports from their earliest years, and have done so for generations. It follows that there is no reason why the Anglo-Saxon race should discontinue its open-air exercises to which their bodies have become gradually accustomed.

So it is nowadays that at all the seaside resorts and watering places the young people of both sexes are to be found during the morning and afternoon on the tennis courts or golf links, and after dinner the groups appear at the casinos or the theatres. They are often congregated about the gaming tables until the dawn, and it is there that the fair sex shines in the beautiful toilettes created by the dressmakers and milliners.

Perhaps it is not too late to tell you of the big art sales which have taken place at the Hotel Druot and the Galleries Georges Petit. The three principal were that of Pierre Decourcelle, the lucky author of "Deux Gosses," which ran for more than a thousand nights, and which made for its author the pretty sum of

Photo Felix

A DOEUILET CREATION

half a million francs, a sum which enabled him to form his collection. Then came the Henri Bernstein sale, Bernstein the author of "Apres Moi," the play which caused such a scandal at the Theatre Française last winter. And last, but not least, that of M. Maurice Kann, composed of masterpieces of the Flemish and Dutch Schools of the eighteenth century.

While the Decourcelle collection contained some important canvases of real quality, was altogether of a very unequal artistic value, this fact did not prevent the owner from realizing the sum of one million five hundred thousand francs, thanks to very clever publicity. You must confess that was a very good investment for the father of a family.

The Bernstein sale was no less cleverly prepared, thanks to huge publicity, which had no connection with the artistic value of the works of which it was composed, and which caused bids that were as crazy as were the paintings themselves. The entire gamut of impressionists were exhibited in all their ugliness. When one remembers the eulogistic articles concerning it which appeared in all the papers, and the sadness with which M. Bernstein assisted at the dispersion of the collection he had so tenderly formed, the whole thing seems a dream. I confess that if through some poor joke I had inherited such a mass of paintings, I would have been more than thankful to have gotten rid of them so easily. Their proper place would be an insane asylum.

This Impressionist School, which prides itself on having invented the plein air style, seem to have forgotten that the Dutch landscapists of the seventeenth century almost all died of maladies contracted in the marshes where they were accustomed to plant their easels, and that they are beholden to Manet for a technic which consists in the juxtaposition of colors on the canvas, instead of mixing them first on the palette. Therefore, it becomes incumbent upon the spectator to recede from or approach nearer these pictures, so that the colors are fused when the image reaches the retina of the eye.

It is evident from this technic, which really is no technic at all, that the *mise au point* must be entirely optional, and depends entirely upon whether the spectator, or more exactly the painter of the picture, is short-sighted or far-sighted. Another technicality of this school of painting consists in reproducing the effects of lights that are so out of the ordinary that the average mortal finds it impossible to verify them.

Example: the work of Claude Monet, to whom we owe the incorrect term impressionism, thanks to a painting shown by him at the Salon des Refusés of 1863, and which consisted of showing a series of pictures representing a single subject at different hours of the day. The Rouen Cathedral, the Meules de Foin, London Bridge, the Ménephars, are the four most famous series by Monet. He paints on different canvases the divers lights that present themselves to his eyes, from dawn to twilight, in such a fashion that each canvas receives only the effects of the light of the corresponding hour. So it results from this method that the painter is the sole judge of the different light effects reproduced, and the spectator has no verification, or guiding point by which he can discern the hour corresponding to each canvas. Evidently there is a remedy for this, which would consist in incorporating the hour of the impression into the title of each canvas, for lack of which we are obliged to depend upon the good faith of a conscientious painter. So the result is that the public guarantee of sincerity is absolutely insufficient.

Why try to reproduce in paintings light effects that even instantaneous photography can reproduce only imperfectly? Why should all these impressionistic painters endeavor to analyze the effect of light upon the face of a woman seated at a window, half lighted by a lamp and the moon, even though they are exact, since the effect of these crossed rays of light is a tint which makes the woman look as though she were suffering with cholera?

Such *tours de force* produce only monstrosities, and artists like Rubens, Titien, Velasquez, and Raphael, preferred to make noble portraits, which are to-day a joy to the eye of the beholder, and the glory of our museums. The truth is, that the impressionist school is nothing more than a big bluff, a wonderful "trust" organized by certain big picture dealers. No further proof of this is required than the following conversation I had recently with one of these dealers, when he showed me a painting signed Henri Matisse. When I naively asked him what the picture represented (as subject), he replied cynically: "Ten thousand francs!" PETRONIUS.

Photo H. Manuel

Large Tagal hat trimmed with long green plume, worn by Eve Lavallière and made by Mme. Lentheric

The Paquin booth at the Turin Exposition. Mme. Paquin is seen between the columns

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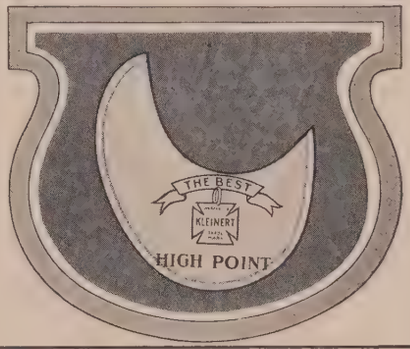

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Max Reinhardt and His Famous Players

(*Continued from page* 60)

is, that an actor is *not* a photographic plate, capable of reproducing any character whatsoever, but a creator of a rôle. To create a rôle, one must be in sympathy with it, feel with it, live one's own life in that of the character. An older woman cannot, therefore, play Juliet as she should be played. The actor who acts the least is the most effective. An older woman, more finished in her art, no doubt, could not make Juliet as real as a young actress who still has some of the girl's ideas and passions intact is their idea.

In order always to have plenty of young people to fill his youthful rôles, Reinhardt maintains a dramatic school in connection with his two theatres in Berlin. This enables him also to have sufficient understudies and keeps him ever supplied with the necessary "supers." But for "Oedipus" there were not enough, so he enlisted the services of the university students, who were only too glad to get a chance to play under his direction. Whether he will call upon the college men in America he does not know yet—but it is very probable "they have intelligence," he says, "even if they haven't talent, so it is easier to train a great many of them in a short time."* He generally trains them himself, or on the evening of a performance he stands at the opening of the central entrance, baton in hand, conducting the wailing mob of Theban citizens like an orchestra, and releasing them in divisions, like an army.

They call him "Der Tausend Künstler" in Germany—that is, "the wizard." He generally has no less than seven rehearsals in a morning, for he is always trying out new plays, reviving old ones, training in understudy casts, and keeping a tremendous, ever-changing repertoire in two theatres intact. Besides this, he organizes a theatre chorus, to sing chorals and any desired songs behind the scene, or on it, if necessary; runs a dramatic school, consults with architects and artsits about scenery, maps out new ventures and reads new plays. In between, he dashes to Dresden to help Strauss stage his "Rosencavalier," takes a flying trip to Leipzig to see that "Oedipus" is put on properly, tears to Vienna to produce a few Shakespearian plays, sails to England, where he stays for two weeks to train a new set of English actors whom he has never seen before and a new mob of 600. When he comes to America he will take the fastest steamer he can get, stay between two or three weeks, in which he will map out his tour, train his new people, acclimatize the old, and get everything in running order. Then he will leave the enterprise in the hands of one of his assistants and look about for new worlds to conquer.

A German who was asked whether his countrymen would not be angry if Reinhardt departed for America with some of their best talent, said: "On the contrary, we shall be proud to show your country what we can do, and especially proud and glad if we, as foreigners, can add to your enjoyment of the Shakespearian dramas, a part of your inheritance."

*Reinhardt has expressed the desire, if it can be arranged, and the season permits, to give the performances of "Oedipus" in the college stadias, with the help of the students, in Syracuse, Harvard and California.

EVA ELISE VOM BAUR.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER
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Among the important productions to be made by Henry B. Harris this coming season will be "The Quaker Girl," a musical play, now running at the Royal Adelphi Theatre, London. The music was written by Lionel Monckton, who contributed the most popular compositions that were heard in "The Geisha" and "The Greek Slave." He was the principal composer of "San Toy," and also wrote the music of "The Cingalee" and "The Country Girl." The lyrics are by Adrian Ross, who began writing lyrics in 1891, during which time he has been identified with such musical successes as "San Toy" "The Messenger Boy," "The Toreador," "The Country Girl," "The Girl from Kays," "The Orchid," and "Havana." In London the principal male part is being played by Joseph Coyne. Simultaneously with the production in this country it will be given in Paris.

Henry E. Dixey, who appears this coming season in Lehar's new comic opera "Gypsy Love," will, it is said, have the best part he has played since his great success in "The Seven Ages."

The American Stage a Generation Ago

(*Continued from page 70*)

the regulation "business" of the part, with no thought for the future of their art. Combination makes plenty of money for the speculators in dramatic art, but it has thrown a wet blanket over the art itself, which has fairly smothered it in its clammy folds.

Mr. Wallack and Mr. Daly did not lower their colors before the enemy. New York was large enough, and had enough genuine appreciation of dramatic art to continue its support of the two famous stock theatres. Both managers continued to make revivals of the old comedies season after season, and to produce new plays for their patrons. Mr. Wallack's company never left New York, retaining its oldtime policy to the last. Mr. Daly made tours with his organization to the large cities during the summer, but his main reliance was on his New York audiences. This condition of affairs continued until death broke the link between managers and artists. Mr. Wallack was the first to pay the debt of nature, in 1888, and his company was then disbanded. His funeral, in the "Little Church Around the Corner" was a most impressive pageant. The stage-hands and employees of his theatre marched to the church in a body, and the mourners included every actor and actress who could gain admittance to the church.

Mr. Daly died in Paris, in the summer of 1899. He was busy, when stricken, in arranging his plans for his coming New York season. With his death came the end of the stock theatre in New York. His company was disbanded and his theatre sold. Ada Rehan and John Drew, and Otis Skinner, are still active in professional life, appearing as stars throughout the country. The rest of the grand old company is scattered far and wide, doing combination work in any company which is fortunate enough to secure their services.

New York, since the death of Mr. Daly, has had no real stock company, judged by the standard of olden times. The old comedy and standard drama have disappeared. For the present generation of playgoers the offerings of the modern manager seem to be satisfying, and, possibly, they would fail to appreciate the beauties of the old performances, if they were submitted to their judgment. But to the old playgoer, the present condition of dramatic art is anything but satisfactory. He dreams of the old days when the grace of a Wallack enchanted him, and the natural humor of a Lewis delighted him. The managers are happy, for money is flowing into their coffers in an unceasing stream. For them, at least, the driving of the stock company into oblivion was a blessing.

W. W. Austin.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER
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Franz Lehar, the now famous author of "The Merry Widow," tells some interesting stories of the early days before his success came, and when a $1,000 bill looked far bigger to him than it does to-day. In the London *Telegraph* he says:

"Just prior to the production of 'The Merry Widow' in Vienna one of the leading musical critics came down to the theatre and demanded, after his usual custom, to be admitted to the rehearsal. He met with a blank refusal. But the manager, anxious to pacify him, took him aside and confidently whispered that it really didn't matter, because in a week's time another piece would be in rehearsal, which he would be welcome to come and see. This just shows how even an expert may be mistaken. 'The Merry Widow' ran in Vienna alone for a year and nine months. When 'Rastelbrueder' was originally produced years ago I had not, as you may imagine, more money in my pocket than I knew what to do with. Moreover, I was something of a novice in the matter of terms. With all diffidence I approached a friend of mine, offering him the publishing rights for the modest sum of £80. The expression on his face sufficiently revealed to me the enormity of my offense. Nothing daunted, I tried another publisher, who eventually agreed to let me have the sum specified, only, however, in three instalments, based upon the length of the run of the piece. His £80 brought him in eventually over £8,000!"

Eddie Foy, the well-known comedian, will be seen next season in a musical farce called "The Pet of the Petticoat." The piece is said to be modeled on the Hoyt pattern.

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EVE LAVALLIERE

(*Continued from page 54*)

the follower of Mme. Réjane in a certain class of rôle; her greatest successes have been in "Le Vieux Marcheur" by Henri Lavedan, "La Veine," "Les Deux Ecoles," "L'Oiseau Blessé," and "Un Ange" by Alfred Capus, and her last three unforgettable triumphs in rôles in which she is unsurpassable, "Miguette," "Le Roi," and the famous "Bois Sacré" by those two incomparable writers of comedy MM. de Caillavet and Robert de Flers. Her extraordinary success in the last two named plays is too well known to need comment; such comedy acting it would be hard to equal, in humor, drollery, finish and the perfection of the simulation of naturalness. Her interpretation of the ultra-modern, unscrupulous, decadent, gay, amorous little wife of the Directeur des Beaux Arts was a masterpiece of comic genius. She made traditions in this rôle as Mrs. Fiske has in "Becky Sharp." Lavallière's personality, by its very directness of originality, is always exaggerated; in her art she *never* exaggerates; never sinks to buffoonery, vulgarity or over-emphasis, and she handles the most difficult of risky scenes, with which this type of French play abounds, with a curious refinement of realism, perfect balance and judgment, and an exquisite gift of resource and humor.

A short while ago she was in London with that rare and delightful comedienne of a perhaps more legitimate school, Jeanne Granier, making instantaneous success despite the fact that she went absolutely unheralded. Like most foreign artists Lavallière is anxious to play in America, but not before she has perfected herself in the art of dancing, for which she has an extraordinary gift. Up to the present her dancing has been all improvisation, never having studied it, or else working out some deliciously eccentric idea with Max Dearly, that most miraculous of French artists, unrivalled like Lavallière in his versatility and pregnant spirit of mocking humor. They always appear together at the Variétés with the rest of that perfected group, Granier, Guy, Prince, etc.; what a combination of players; and what a pity that some enterprising manager does not capture the entire company to give their repertoire in New York. There is little doubt of the success that would greet them, and that Lavallière with her enigmatic charm, perfection of art and completely Parisian genius, would win her way into the hearts of those lovers of exquisite finish of detailed comedy acting, and those who respond to a humor that is as brilliant in its mental conceptions as in its abandonment to the merely comic element of the situation.

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Three new records by Mme. Gluck have been added this month. They are: "From the Land of the Sky Blue Water," *Everhart-Cadman;* "Will-o-the-Wisp" (Piano accompaniment by the composer), *Charles Gilbert Spross;* "Pagliacci—Balatella" (Bird Song), *Leoncavallo.*

Three new Elman solos in one month is a genuine artistic treat. "Traumerei," *Schumann;* "Gavotte" (Gretry), Tambourin, *Gossec.* Elman's third American tour has been even more successful than the previous ones, crowded houses and unlimited enthusiasm being the rule wherever this wonderful youth appeared.

To sum up, here are two Irish ballads by McCormack: "Kathleen Mavourneen," *Crawford-Crouch;* "The Irish Emigrant," *Sheridan-Baker.*

Henry W. Savage has secured the American rights of the famous Paris talking pictures, and will exhibit them in this country next season. It is said the pictures are life-like in their illusion and reproduce the voices of the actors so well that it is difficult not to believe a genuine performance is taking place. The illusion is the combined triumph of the photograph and the graphophone.

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The Drama League of America

The Drama League of America grew out of a small Woman's Club in Evanston, Ill., which had been studying the theatre and plays that were given in Chicago for several previous seasons. Their scheme of work had attracted so much interest in adjoining towns, and they had to respond to so many letters of inquiry that they finally thought their scheme of study was of sufficient interest to others, so the Drama League of America was organized on March 22, 1910, for the announced purpose of improving dramatic conditions in America by means of educating the public to demand and support the better class of plays given in the theatres; their aim being to create an intellectual and appreciative audience, and it becomes obvious that it is first necessary for that audience to train themselves as individuals by the reading of plays, and of acquiring some knowledge of technical play structure.

In increasing the organization and widening its importance as rapidly as possible, they so planned its scope as to enable them to absorb or co-ordinate their work with the work of other associations interested in bettering the drama, so making the scheme of the League nation wide. In a very few weeks they had 165 clubs represented among their members by regular appointed delegates, and a large number of individual members that have, by now, totalled more than 12,000.

The League does not exist for the purpose of burdening its members with meetings in the ordinary way of clubs; such gatherings are possibly confined to mass meetings called once or twice a year to compare experiences in drama study, or to appoint delegates to the yearly convention at which the future policy of the organization would be discussed and determined. Its chief work would be to organize in each important city, and as the work grew in the cities and towns of less importance, an intelligent proportion of people who would be interested in seeing good plays, in furthering their appreciation of such plays, and so obtaining a dependable membership that would give the good plays audiences when given in the theatre, thus supporting them and encouraging the managers to supply them with other plays and productions of the same standard. In other words, without interfering in any way with the existing machinery of the theatre, the League would work to increase the box office receipts of plays of which they approve, so giving the managers more support in the production of that sort of play, and adding what is believed to be a new and very large playgoing public to the audience now supporting the theatre, without interfering with the present theatre population who would probably continue to select their amusement as at present. The attendance would be encouraged at these plays by bulletins issued by the playgoing committee of the League, particularly the central playgoing committee of the club, that would furnish the rest of the members with intelligently arranged information on plays before those plays arrived at their town; and in the larger producing centres, by playgoing committees who would attend the first performance, make up a bulletin representative of the mind of the entire committee, and so endorse the play to the local members through the mails the following day.

The League has adopted the definite policy of refraining in any degree from the censoring of theatrical performances. They will not issue bulletins except on plays of which they approve, in one way or another, and the bulletin will express that information definitely and tersely in a scheduled form that enables even the busiest individual to understand the reason for their approval of the play and obtain some idea as to whether or not it will interest him. This criticism and advice more nearly approximates the personal word of mouth advice upon which the success of any play actually depends than is possible from the newspaper critic, the very interest of whose criticism depends upon its being the expression of an individual point of view; and his audience is much less exactly known to him just as his personality is much less exactly known to his readers, than will be true of the relations between the playgoing committee and the members of the League, who would be in any sense dependent upon their advice and judgment in selecting plays worthy of support. It is not expected that members will give up going to the theatres for amusement in the way that they are in the habit of doing at present, but it is expected that they will realize their responsibility to support all those plays recommended them by their committee that they are able to

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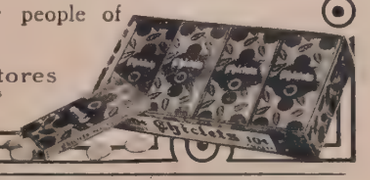

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attend, or that they believe would be interesting from the résumé published in the bulletin they receive.

In addition to this active work in supporting plays the League has prepared and in process of preparation further courses in this study of the drama, both in the reading of published plays and familiarity with books of criticism and discussion of the theatre and its problems that are recommended by the League. This enables clubs in any locality to take up and follow through a consecutive course of study that should, in the end, fit them to a much more intelligent appreciation of the drama, of acting, and of the different details of the modern theatre, and so eventually enable them to arrive at their own discriminating judgment as to the plays that they most enjoy, and are most worthy of their support.

It should be recognized that both these fields are absolutely unoccupied. The exertion of the League should add instead of detracting from the income of the managers, particularly those managers who make an effort to produce the sort of play that is most worthy of support, and that most benefit the communities in which it is given. It also obtains better publicity for the manager, and supplies him with a definite audience upon which—as his experience will prove—he will feel sure of support in ventures he might not otherwise dare attempt. The intention is just as practical as the Labor Union, where labor organizes to make the opinion of the individual effective; or the Consumers' League, which has been developed from the principle that the buying of an article creates a supply. It is constructive, not destructive, in contention and in development; and while not disturbing the regular theatregoer, adds a new and, it is believed, an intelligent and discriminating public that already exists and has failed to support the theatre regularly from lack of interest, and that has got out of the habit of expecting to be interested or entertained by the run of plays that have met most with popular support.

No distant ideal dream of a Municipal Theatre is announced as a part of the League program, but it is evident that the creation of an intelligent audience will the sooner create a demand for such a theatre, *provided* that the commercial manager does not respond to this demand, and himself provide the supply.

The League has also other plans. It believes that a great number of working men, wage earners and school children would better be entertained and amused in the regular theatre than in the Moving Picture Show, and they would obtain more for the money expended, provided it would be possible to induce them to attend the plays that would be bulletined by the League. With this idea in mind they have in Chicago already made arrangements, and they are being worked out in other cities, to continue somewhat the same system that was inaugurated at the People's Institute in New York, and which is now being carried on through Mr. Julius Hopp in arrangements made with him by the New Theatre and Grand Opera, to provide wage earners an opportunity to attend the theatres at reduced rates. The manager knows in advance whether or not his house is going to be filled for certain performances, especially the earlier performances announced for the engagement of any production. Through the machinery afforded by the League, and by the assistance of teachers in the schools, settlement houses, Social Unions, and perfectly reputable organizations of that sort, it would be possible to distribute a certain number of vouchers entitling the wage-earners presenting them at the box office that evening to a ticket at reduced rates. It would be the aim of the League to limit this privilege to the lesser priced seats, and not to encourage the wage-earner to spend more money than would be necessary for him to see the play. The League believes that a gradual taste for the theatre would be formed in this way in a class that now little support the regular drama, and that the manager would meanwhile immediately benefit by the income secured from the reduced rate ticket, which would be at least in excess of what he would receive through his box office channels, as well as give the actor the inspiration that can only be afforded by means of a larger audience and more crowded house. Of course, all pains would be taken to see that this privilege was not abused, and that the tickets were given out by responsible persons to *bona-fide* wage-earners who were not regular attendants at the theatre.

As to results already obtained in the application of these principles: In Chicago this last fall, Nazimova's managers, when they found their first announced play did not meet with the approval of the League, rushed into performance "Little Eyolf," which they announced themselves was given at the request of the Drama League,

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the performances for which were all sold out, for which also they believed the League had been partly responsible. The Chicago managers have become so convinced of the live response to the League bulletins that they have made an arrangement with the League to mail extra copies of their bulletin to a larger list of League members than is obtained by sending a bulletin to each individual member of the club organizations that belong to the League. Under ordinary conditions, the League sends one bulletin to the club, which is posted in the clubrooms, where it may, or may not, be seen by the members in time to ensure their attendance at any of the performances.

The managers have themselves proposed paying the additional expense of mailing the original bulletin to *each* member of all these clubs, whenever the League decided to issue a bulletin upon a play, and pay for the additional expense of printing and mailing of the same. These bulletins are posted at the different libraries, in the different clubs, business and social; in many of the schools, factories or other similar organizations. The demand for books on the drama at the library of Evanston, also of Milwaukee and Chicago, has so increased this season that the librarians have all been compelled to duplicate all of the books on modern drama in their departments!

Mrs. Fiske opened an engagement announced to last for four weeks last fall, and put "Becky Sharp" in for the opening attraction for one week. On account of the bulletin issued by the League, this play was given for three weeks and the engagement extended to five weeks, while "Becky Sharp" was finally made the sole play for the remainder of her tour.

Among the plays that have so far been bulletined in this season were those in Mrs. Fiske's répertoire, a number of those given by Bernhardt, "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," "The Dawn of a To-Morrow," "Little Eyolf," "The Aviator," "Pillars of Society," "Caste," and "Disraeli," the long run of the latter piece in Chicago being credited by Mr. Arliss in large part to the *Drama League Bulletin.*

The case of "The Aviator" is also notable. This play failed to find its public in Boston and Philadelphia, and went to Chicago for a two weeks' engagement, after which the managers had decided to end the tour. The bulletin issued by the League had caused them, however, to change their decision, the play ran for five weeks there, and was then taken to New York and put in the Astor Theatre, where the run of "Seven Days" had recently closed, in the hope that it would find a similar supporting public under the best possible conditions in New York City. It somehow failed of this, however, and consequently, after some weeks' continuance of the play, it was taken off, although the managers themselves remained to the end as insistent in their belief that the play was a worthy, amusing and entertaining one.

As a matter of statistics and indication of the growth and interest of the League, it may be stated that the League has published some 30,000 bulletins, some 3,000 educational leaflets; that it now contains a membership of some 12,000 members, and in eight months has membership in 23 states including Illinois, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Michigan, Iowa, Massachusetts, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Virginia, Washington, Dakota, California, Tennessee and Maryland. It has been endorsed by five State Federations and its purpose presented before the National Federation for its approval. Its bulletins are regularly posted in the University of Chicago, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Northwestern, and Harvard. The committees, officers and directors include Mrs. A. Starr Best, of Evanston; Dr. Richard Burton, Mr. Louis K. Anspacher, Mrs. Otis Skinner, Dr. William N. Guthrie, Miss Alice M. Houston, Mrs. J. W. Meaker, Jr., Mr. J. E. Williams, Mr. Charles Caffin, Mr. Hobart C. Chatfield-Taylor, Prof. George P. Baker, Mr. Alfred H. Brown, and on the Advisory Playgoing Committee, Mr. Walter P. Eaton, Mr. Louis K. Anspacher, Dr. William N. Guthrie, Dr. Richard Burton, and Mr. Frank Chouteau Brown.

Among those who have become interested in the League, and have appeared at various meetings and otherwise become influenced of its possibilities and successful operation are Mr. and Mrs. Faversham, Mr. Sothern, Miss Marlowe, Mr. Tyrone Power, Mr. Henry Miller, Miss Henrietta Crosman, Miss Margaret Anglin, Mr. Forbes Robertson, Mr. Ethel Barrymore and Mr. Walter Hampden, while among the dramatists the names of Mr. Augustus Thomas, Mr. Rann Kennedy and Mr. Percy Mackaye are also to be recorded.

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Photo Bangs

"A Delightful Instrument"—

An Extract From the Following Letter Written By

GERTRUDE HOFFMANN

New York City, June 28th, 1911.

MESSRS. HAINES BROS.,

Dear Sirs:—

I have found the Haines Bros.' Flexotone Player piano a most delightful instrument. The superb tonal quality of the piano is a delight, while the simplicity and effectiveness of the flexible Expression Control of the player mechanism is indeed a marvel.

Very truly yours,

Gertrude Hoffmann

Write for Descriptive Literature

Regarding the

Haines Bros.

PIANO

Containing the

Flexotone Player

THE Flexotone is a pneumatic type of player of distinct individuality.

The wonderful Flexible Expression Control enables one to play their favorite music the way they like best, without knowing one note or key from the other.

HAINES BROS. 437 FIFTH AVE. NEW YORK CITY

OUR FASHION DEPARTMENT

Photo Felix

MLLE. DORGERE, OF THE PALACE ROYAL THEATRE

Gown of English embroidery, with belt of charmeuse satin, finished with a tassel and silk embroidery.

Semi-Annual Review of Fashions

THIS is the season when women should take account of stock; in other words, look over their costumes and hats in order to find out how many of them were really successful, *i. e.*, becoming. For no toilette really fulfils its mission that has not been the indirect means of numerous compliments to its wearer.

It is not "What a pretty gown you have," but "How well you are looking," that is the real test of a becoming costume or hat. For the costume should be regarded as the frame to the picture, which, when rightly selected, always enhances the value of the painting it encircles.

In making this semi-annual review of her frocks the clever woman will don them and then stand before a triplicate mirror. Or if she is not the happy possessor of one of these necessary adjuncts to good dressing, then before a full-length mirror. For it is not sufficient that a hat or gown should be becoming to the face or upper part of the body. There must be a general harmony of the silhouette from top to toe, both front and back.

If this general harmony is preserved it will often counteract some minor discrepancies of the toilette, though it can never entirely obviate them.

Too often a hat that looks well when the wearer is seated is out of proportion when she is standing, and the wearer must bear in mind that she is more often seen in a hat when she is standing or walking than when she is seated, so that if something must be sacrificed to one or the other position, then the seated position must give way to the upright.

Color plays an important part in the becomingness of dress. Some women are endowed by Dame Nature with complexions, eyes and hair that harmonize with any color. The freshness and loveliness of youth takes small account of the important rôle color plays in the becomingness of a toilette. Truly, the French named the beauty of youth aright when they called it the *beauté de diable*. But even girls who rejoice in youthfulness are not always endowed with complexions of the chameleon-like character that makes every color becoming.

There can be no definite rules laid down regarding the harmony of the various colors with the different kinds of complexions. The best test is either one's own critical judgment or the greeting of friends on how well one is looking. Criticize yourself as you would your dearest foe. Don't be prejudiced in your own favor. Look on things and yourself impartially. Then you will be your own best critic, always provided that you have a trained eye for line and color. And it must be confessed that most American women have this sense much better developed than most men merchants and buyers who cater to their taste. It is quite different with the dressmaker and tailor, for they cater to the individual, and frequently understand better how to set off a customer's good points or how to conceal her bad ones better than the individual herself. This is because they are apt to be more impartial in their judgment, and also because of their greater experience in the treatment of many different types of figure.

Photo Felix

MLLE. DORGERE

In a lingerie gown of deep embroidered ruffle over one of lace on a foundation of cerise satin

While there is nothing definite regarding the changes in the fashions for the autumn, these are not likely to be of a radical nature. They will consist largely in the use of new trimmings, and new methods of applying them. Bead embroidery will still be used for the ornamentation of elaborate afternoon and evening gowns. The distinctly new trimming is worsted embroidery. It is truly beautiful, for the designs are unusual, while the combinations of colors are equally artistic. Much of this worsted embroidery is worked on black net, so that when this garniture is applied to the material it gives the appearance of having been embroidered directly to the fabric. It will be as lovely for the ornamentation of satin and marquisette gowns as for those of velvet.

Fancy metal nets will be more popular than ever. One of the new ideas in the use of these nets is for the foundation of collars, cuffs and revers. A part of the net is left unadorned, a portion of it is embroidered with chenille or worsted figures, and the net is further ornamented with colored crochet roses similar to those seen in some of the crochet Irish lace designs. For example, an aluminum and dull gold net is ornamented with brown and green chenille embroidery and small crochet roses in two shades of blue.

Speaking of metal trimmings brings to mind that cloth of gold and silver are to be quite as fashionable as ever, and their continued vogue has brought into being a lovely new silk called drap d'or and drap d'argent, according to whether the color is gold or silver. It drapes beautifully and has all the lustre of metal, yet since it is entirely made of silk it will not tarnish in the least, and

We Alone Are Never Satisfied

With the Armour Toilet Articles

Each new achievement of our wonderful experimental laboratories is but a spur to further effort. And though the Armour Toilet Articles hold first place in popular esteem for purity and delicacy, we strive continually for improvement. In earth's remotest corners men are ever seeking new ideas for our use.

In one department of our marvelous organization alone a large corps of expert chemists work continually—testing, combining, adapting rare essences and odors.

Before them lie the choicest perfumes of the earth's famous garden spots. And there is no stint of time, expense or skill, if thereby a new idea may be evolved.

Sylvan Soap

represents the perfection of modern toilet-soap production. It is scientifically prepared and chemically pure.

It cleanses perfectly, yet with so gentle a touch that the most tender skin is soothed. And it leaves the skin softened, vitalized—glowing with the bloom of health.

Delicate, distinctive perfumes lend to Sylvan the last touch of desirability. You may choose from six of these—heliotrope, carnation, violet, lilac, sandalwood and rose.

Yet, though the most dainty woman could demand no more, the price is but 10c the cake at your dealer's.

Supertar

has been aptly termed "The best friend of the hair."

For a Supertar shampoo stimulates, while thoroughly cleansing the scalp. It is a foe to dandruff and similar affections which destroy the hair. And it leaves the hair soft, fluffy, lustrous, "live."

Supertar lathers instantly—rich and snowy white—in hard or soft water. And it affords an ideal massage for the scalp.

Pressed, thoroughly seasoned and free from excess moisture, it long outlasts ordinary shampoo soaps, of which a large part wastes away with each day's use.

Let your hair have the delight of a perfect Supertar shampoo.

Transparosa

is a clear, transparent soap, every glint of light in whose amber depths sends back a message of purity to the skin.

It is perfumed with a wonderfully delicate yet lasting attar of roses, which it took thousands of tests to perfect.

Sylvan Toilet Talcum Powder

is of exceptionally high quality and light as thistledown.

It is borated and antiseptic, and most beneficial in cases of chafed, irritated skin, prickly heat or chapped hands. It affords a delightful aftermath to a shave or a bath, and is invisible on application.

No other powder has ever approached it in delicacy of fragrance. There are three odors—violet, carnation and sandalwood. It is sold by all druggists.

Try one, or better still, try all of these articles. Each is its own best advocate. And we are content to abide by your judgment. All good dealers everywhere can supply you.

MADE BY

ARMOUR AND COMPANY

Department of Toilet Soaps

CHICAGO

Photo Felix

MLLE. LABABY

In a gown of golden charmeuse with a double tunic, one of lace, the other of silver gray mousseline de soie, bordered with silk acorns

furthermore, the price is only $1.75 a yard. A lovely new model I saw of drap d'or had the entire foundation gown made of it, and draped with a tunic of turquoise blue silk voile edged with a narrow fringe of crystal beads and bugles. This combination of blue and gold is quite novel and one that it apt to become a great favorite.

There is considerable talk of fringe being much used this autumn. It is not only tiny ball fringe, bead fringe, but even the old-time sewing silk fringe. The French women certainly have been using both narrow and wide silk fringe on their costumes this summer, but this is one of the French fashions that is hardly likely to gain any great recognition in this country. To be sure, a few women have worn tailored suits and dresses this spring that had skirts edged with either ball or silk fringe. The new serpentine draperies certainly are well suited to the exploitation of fringe trimmings, and for these we will probably adopt the French idea. But that many women will consent to have their tailored suits and dresses ornamented with dabs of fringe I utterly decline to believe.

Skirts will be a trifle wider than those which were over-popular this spring. For tailored suits the best widths will be from two to two and one-quarter yards. They will generally be of the plain type. When plaits are used they will be set in so that they are scarcely seen. Indeed, it may be said that plaits are a concession to the large woman, for skirts of tailored suits will continue to adhere to the straight lines, and in order to preserve these and yet give the required room large plaits become an actual necessity. Talking with the head woman of one of the most exclusive Fifth Avenue tailoring establishments the other day, she told me that in the spring customers insisted on such narrow skirts at the beginning of the spring season that it was impossible for them to walk, and several actually fell down when trying to enter their motors, while to go upstairs was an impossibility. Naturally these skirts were sent back to be made wider, which really meant new skirts. As the establishment could not afford to make two skirts to one suit the rule was quickly enforced that if a customer wanted a skirt narrower that one yard and three-quarters she would have to stand the expense of alteration. All of which goes to show how little women realize the amount of room required for freedom of movement. It is one thing to stand still and have a skirt fitted and another to sit or walk in it.

Suit jackets are to be short this autumn, somewhere from twenty-five to thirty inches, and I doubt not that many of the smartest women will be wearing the jaunty little boleros with postillion backs for their more elaborate costumes. Made of double-faced satin, these postillion boleros are just the thing for a between season's garment. The double-faced satins are mostly black with the back of some brilliant color, so that they will be quite correct to wear with gowns or tailored dresses of a contrasting color, provided that color harmonizes with the reverse side of the satin. Of course, a satin that is black on both sides would be more economical.

There has been considerable use of chiffon taffeta in Paris this

Photo Felix

Lingerie gown with a sash of pale blue. Hat and parasol to harmonize. Worn by Mlle. DuRostow.

A LITTLE JOURNEY TO VANTINE'S

BY ELBERT HUBBARD

I HAVE just made a little journey to Vantine's.

Vantine's is a bazaar, an object-lesson, a sermon, a school, a fair, an exposition—a store. There is only one objection to the place, and that is, it exhausts your stock of adjectives.

I have known Vantine's for a quarter of a century. I used to stand outside the show-windows and look long, also longingly, at the beautiful things displayed; but until recent years I never went inside, because in some way I imagined that Vantine's was out of my reach.

I thought that anything that Vantine displayed was so high in price that no one, unless he were in the Yim Hill class, could afford to put his beak inside the door.

There are many people in New York who have never been to Vantine's—people born in New York and grown to manhood's estate—yet Vantine's was started before I was born—and that was over half a century ago.

Now that I have spent a couple of hours looking over this little Permanent Exposition, for about the steenth time, I am amazed that any one living in the vicinity of New York should not have made this pilgrimage.

Vantine deals in curios, art fabrics, individual bits of hand-carving, embroideries, silk patterns, ivory, lamps, shades, teakwood carved by men and women with all the time there was.

He who has not seen Vantine's has something to live for; otherwise, he will grope through life surrounded by an aura of ignorance, blase, bloated, self-satisfied, untaught, hiking down life's highway to dusty death—the buzz-wagon of Fate close upon his heels. Poor Man! To live long and well you must know what is being said and done by the rest of mankind.

The Treasurers of the Storied East

It is a marvelous thing to know what our brown and yellow brothers are doing in Japan, China, India, Persia, Turkey and the islands where the palms lift their fronded forms in air, and the spices send their curious scents out to meet the traveler.

We sometimes say that we can make anything in America that they can anywhere in the round world. This does credit to the heart of the man who says it, but reflects no compliment to his head. In fact, the exquisite things, requiring great patience, skill and care to think out, and then execute, can only be made by people who have passed through the pioneer stage in which we, as a people, now linger.

The Japanese detect shades, tints and perfumes that are beyond us and outside of our range and realm, because they have been educated in a way that we have not.

The Joy of Visiting Vantine's

Go to Vantine's! Don't think you are compelled to buy. Simply go and see and look and linger and examine.

Behold rugs made in the Fifteenth Century—before Columbus turned the prow of his caravel to the West. Rugs made before the days of Michelangelo and Leonardo da Vinci—individual things, the price of which is three or four or five thousand dollars. Then, side by side with these, you will be shown other rugs which to me were just as beautiful — perhaps more so — made in imitation of the antiques; things worked out with the same loving care and indifference to the flight of time, that can be bought for as little as $7.50. The joy of visiting Vantine's is that you are not deceived as to values.

The prices placed upon the articles are not the art value, or speculative value, but simply the commercial value. It is art commercialized!

That is to say, the thing has been purchased for what it is worth—what it will bring. You are buying of men who know exactly what they are selling. They have a pedigree of these articles which they offer. They know where they come from, how they are produced, what they are worth.

Values and Intrinsic Worth

I suppose there are a great number of people just like myself who imagine that everything in Vantine's is very costly; whereas, the real fact is that beside the rare and precious antiques coming to us from centuries agone, there are other things in great profusion in the way of fabric and art treasures that are to be purchased for very moderate sums. At Vantine's I saw Japanese brocades at fifty dollars a yard, twenty-seven inches wide; and side by side were shown fabrics that could be bought for three dollars a yard, seemingly equally attractive. The difference was that one had history behind it, the other had not.

A Half Century of Fair Dealing

Housekeepers and all who love the beautiful world do well to inform themselves as to the values of these treasures. And I do not know of another school in America where the knowledge of values can be attained so well as at Vantine's.

At Vantine's they are not afraid to tell the truth.

The Vantine folks recognize that to deceive the customer would be a calamity for Vantine; also, to sell anybody anything he does not want, or to sell anything at a price beyond what it is worth, would not be a mistake, it would be a sin.

A half-century of fair dealing lies behind this concern.

If it comes from Vantine's, you know it is not shoddy or bogus. If you buy it at Vantine's you'll be proud to say so.

At Vantine's you are dealing with experts who have only one ambition and desire, and that is that you should know as much about a thing as they do, and when this is done, if you wish to purchase, you have the opportunity.

The methods of booth and bazaar, which usually obtain in places where curios are kept and sold, do not prevail at Vantine's. Here the American philosophy of one price and absolute truth is the watchword.

The Interior of Vantine's

Vantine's is not so big in compass that it tires you out and sends you away with a confused jumble of impressions.

I was delighted to see that at Vantine's the furnishings are not in competition with the goods offered.

Beware of the place fitted up like the Golden Nugget Barroom in Dead Gulch.

Absolute simplicity prevails at Vantine's in way of fixtures and furnishings. Everything is simple, plain, wide-open and direct. Men and women salesmen here have time to display goods and to tell you all you wish to know about them.

The Making of Gifts

People with hazy ideas as to what they want in the way of presents for birthdays, anniversaries, weddings, would do well to visit Vantine's. There is nothing else in the wide world like it, and nothing else just as good.

Don't go to Vantine's with any thought that you have to mortgage your house and lot.

If you have five dollars to spend, ten dollars, one hundred dollars, go and consult Vantine's and see for yourself what you can get in the way of things of which there are no duplicates.

Or, if you have no money to spend, and do not want to buy, my advice is, go anyway and see this wonderful store, and you will remember me with gratitude for having called it to your attention.

The Wonderful Display

There is no other store in the world that carries so big and varied a stock of Oriental silks as you can see here.

If I were a teacher in a high school in the vicinity of New York, I would take my pupils in companies of a dozen to visit Vantine's; and there I would study the manufacture, the dyeing, the hand-painting, the decoration, and the preparation of silk fabrics.

How many people know that the genuine pongee silks are hand-woven, made in China, and sell here at from one dollar to four dollars and a half a yard!

Here are silks made for men's suits, which in beauty, strength and effectiveness defy the dictionary.

Here are lamps of one thousand and one varieties, with the light turned on, worked out in poems of leaded glass.

Here are stone lanterns from Japan, bearing the loving marks of the chisel, carved by artists who work for twenty cents a day, and are glad of the chance.

If one would study the Orient, here is the opportunity. Crepes, cashmeres, shawls that can be drawn through a finger-ring, kimonos from three dollars up to two hundred; coats worn by Chinese dignitaries and discarded, upon which are worked out sonnets in design and quatrains in color.

If you do not want to buy, you can at least store your mind with enough impressions to fill you with gladsome glee for years to come; and, in addition, you can stick closely to the truth and get yourself placed in the Ananias Club by telling your friends of the things you have seen at Vantine's.

The only way then for you to get back to solid footing is to get your accusers to go to Vantine's and see for themselves.

Here the art-lovers meet; those who hunger after the gewgaw and long for the gimcrack go elsewhere.

If you do not know Vantine's, you surely do not know America, much less China, Japan and India.

Vantine's is the store that has a soul.

And folks with the Vantine Habit are distinguished people.

summer for both costumes and these postillion boleros.. They are generally of a bright color, and are worn over white gowns or those of a contrasting color, as for example, pale green over pink, or purple over mauve. This idea of a colored jacket has gained more ascendancy here in the revival of the colored soft jacket that many of the girls have prepared for mountain and seaside wear. The brilliant greens, reds and bright blues of these soft cloths look very well against the white serge, linen or pique of the frocks worn beneath.

It is rather to be lamented that Paris so soon again advocates the vogue of taffeta, for while French taffeta is lovely in both quality and color, as much cannot be said of the mass of taffeta made in this country. So that most American women will naturally hesitate to invest in French taffeta costing anywhere from $2.50 to $4 per yard that will be so quickly imitated to sell for forty-nine cents.

The generality of silks that are now most in demand are of the soft, supple quality that makes for satisfactory wear. When they are cheapened and adulterated it is by some means that does not take away from their wearing quality. So it is to be hoped that fashion will continue to advocate the soft, supple quality in silks.

It certainly has been shown that almost any silk can be made soft and supple. Witness, the beautiful brocades that are now so much used. Yet it is only within the last three years that manufacturers have succeded in making brocades in this soft, supple quality. Heretofore our idea of a brocade was a silk that was so stiff it would stand alone.

The new season is to see the loveliest of brocaded velvet flowers and figures strewn over a ground so soft and diaphanous as chiffon voile. It is easy to imagine the elegance and beauty of a costume made of such material, one that would be indeed fitted for a presentation at court. Indeed, these new velvet brocades have been used for court trains by a number of the smartest English women during the memorable London season. For the new idea in court trains is that they shall be made of a more or less transparent fabric. One notable train worn with a satin costume was entirely of English point lace.

Costly materials are generally beautiful in themselves. To-day more costly fabrics are being used than ever before in the history of the world. Undoubtedly there have been special instances where a single fabric cost more, but the quantity used was small, so that it is true that there is a greater quantity of costly fabrics being used to-day.

One of the reasons that narrow skirts have gained such a great ascendancy in the world of fashion is because of this great use of costly fabrics. Were skirts wider the quantity of material required for the construction of a costume would amount to so many more yards that the price of the completed garment would be prohibitive.

The vogue for the veiling of evening costumes will continue well into the autumn season. Laces and the more open-work weaves of voile and marquisette will be much favored for this purpose. The exquisite hand-made Italian and French laces will be first choice for evening costumes. As the price of these puts them out of the reach of most women, there are some clever machine reproductions of these laces. I use the word reproduction advisedly, because in the better qualities machine-made laces are veritable reproductions rather than base imitations. Time was when no lady would wear a machine-made lace; to-day the best machine laces can scarcely be distinguished from the genuine article. Some of the new voiles and marquisettes are of the nature of the old-time grenadine. Others have the lustrous satin stripe alternating with the new mesh.

Photo Felix

MLLE. MARIE KALFF

Grecian gown of white mouscline de soie, with beaded corsage and belt

Thus it can be seen that the foundation gown having good lines that is too good to be thrown away can be readily made to do duty another season, and given quite an up-to-date appearance by the new covering or coverings. For two or more veilings will continue to be used on many gowns. This gives the opportunity for the exercise of originality in the combination of colors. But to carry these novel combinations out successfully one must have some knowledge of the harmony of colors, so that one may blend into the other in an artistic manner.

I am confirmed in my belief that short coats and skirts from two to two and one-quarter yards will prevail this autumn by no less an authority than the president of the Ladies' Tailors' Association, Mr. James B. Blaine, who is also the head of a leading Fifth Avenue establishment. He showed me a lovely white Bedford cord visiting costume made in the coat dress style. The narrow skirt had a tunic of the Bedford cord edged with a narrow band of dark brown fur. The corsage was made in bolero effect, and attractively ornamented with wide white silk braid with lovely soft revers made of unlined orange red chiffon.

A charming little dinner frock designed by the same firm has a wide band of changeable plush in tawny tigerskin effect bordering the skirt, which just reaches the ground. Over this is a white chiffon tunic discreetly embroidered in dull gold threads, with the same design ornamenting the short-waisted corsage.

HARRIET EDWARDS FAYES.

White Rock
suggestions for
Warm Weather
White Rock Punch
One pint of untermented grape juice.
A small cup of granulated sugar.
The juice of two lemons and two oranges.
One quart of WHITE ROCK.
Plenty of ice.
Add sliced fruit as desired.

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In every locality where we have not yet appointed a district manager to look after our subscription interests, we offer a splendid opportunity to the right sort of person. We want a hustling, energetic man or woman who will put out our advertising booklets, collect renewals of expiring subscriptions, but most of all push out after new business. The work need not occupy more than your spare time, and if you possess the right sort of energy you will find it not only very interesting and pleasant but also exceptionally remunerative. Our district managers handle both of our magazines, *L'Art de la Mode* and *The Theatre Magazine*. If you have some time that you would like to turn into good money

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PRICE, 50 CENTS

LOVE IN FRIENDSHIP

(A Nameless Sentiment)
With a Preface in Fragments from STENDHAL
Translated from the French by HENRY PÈNE DU BOIS

This is the romance in letters of a man and a woman, extremely intelligent and accustomed to analyzing themselves, as Stendhal and Paul Bourget would have them do. They achieved this improbable aim of sentimentalist love in friendship. The details of their experience are told here so sincerely, so naïvely, that it is evident the letters are published here as they were written, and they were not written for publication. They are full of intimate details of family life among great artists, of indiscretion about methods of literary work and musical composition. There has not been so much interest in an individual work since the time of Marie Bashkirsheff's confessions, which were not as intelligent as these.

Francisque Sarcey, in *Le Figaro*, said:

"Here is a book which is talked of a great deal. I think it is not talked of enough, for it is one of the prettiest dramas of real life ever related to the public. Must I say that well-informed people affirm the letters of the man, true or almost true, hardly arranged, were written by Guy de Maupassant? I do not think it is wrong to be so indiscreet. One must admire the feminine delicacy with which the letters were reinforced, if one may use this expression. I like the book, and it seems to me it will have a place in the collection, so voluminous already, of modern ways of love."

MEYER BROS. CO., Publishers **26 West 33d Street, New York**

Amateur Actors

I have a strong grudge against clubs of amateur actors, because they habitually insult the art they dabble in by assuming that it is a sin which can only be covered by charity. It is quite a common thing for organizers of amateur performances to appeal to the author to forego his fees on the ground that the proceeds are to be given to some charitable institution. That is to say, a popular author is asked to hand over some hundreds a year to amateur societies to give to their pet charities, and that, too, without the slightest guarantee that the management of the performance will be businesslike enough to realize for the charities the whole value of his contribution, or, indeed, any part of it at all. A more unreasonable demand can hardly be imagined within the limits of practicable human audacity. Even professional millionaire philanthropists like Mr. Carnegie and Mr. Passmore Edwards reserve the right to choose for themselves the objects of their endowments.

Almost all amateurs desire to imitate the theatre rather than to act a play. They actually call their performances "theatricals," and are as proud of that illiterate insult as any genuine dramatic artist would be outraged by it. They lose all their ordinary decent instincts the moment they give themselves up to what they privately think is the sin of acting. You see gentlemen who are morbidly particular about the cut and fit of their coats and trousers walking on the stage in ludicrously misfitting tunics from the costumier's amateur ragbag. You see the amateur carrying a tinsel-topped pantomime spear for the hire of which he has paid more than the local blacksmith would have charged him for a real spear. Women who would die rather than be dowdy in church or at a garden party, face the footlights in costumes and make-ups which no self-respecting figure in a penny waxwork would tolerate. Reach-me-down dresses, reach-me-down scenery, reach-me-down equipments are considered good enough for dramatic masterpieces—are positively preferred to decent and beautiful things because they are so much more theatrical.—*London Tribune.*

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER
50 cts. per case—6 glass-stoppered bottles

How many women know the pleasure and profit that may be derived from a visit to Vantine's? I do not mean a visit with some idea of special purchase in view, but an hour or so, or even a whole afternoon given over to amiable and aimless wanderings through the mazes of this unique shop. The new ideas one receives regarding furnishings, wearing apparel and even eatables, are sources of inspiration for weeks to come.

Take that matter of eatables. One does not have to journey to Constantinople to find the real Turkish Delight, that toothsome dainty known to every visitor to the city on the shores of the Bosphorus. Or, if you have become accustomed in Calcutta to the spiciness of Indian relishes and chutney, they are to be found at Vantine's in the varieties that appeal to the gourmet of every land. Or, if you want a tea that will give special distinction to your five o'clock spread, you can find any number from which to make your choice. Then for presentation they have a habit at Vantine's of making up the most artistic baskets of these delicious goodies that are certain to make them the most welcome of gifts to travelers, shut-ins, or just ordinary mortals. And they are all so wholesome that there is never the regret of indigestion the day after.

The women who revel in unusual embroideries for personal or household use find them here in abundance. The Orient has been ransacked for them, many of which cannot be duplicated, being specimens of ancient handicraft. On the other hand, you can have entire sets of curtains and other decorations embroidered to order by the nimble fingers of the Japanese, and that, too, at most reasonable cost.

The woman who seeks new ideas for flower and growing plant receptacles will find them here in abundance, and at prices that will suit all purses. For there are the brown Japanese grass baskets that are to be had for a dollar or so up to the exquisité and costly china jardinières that are almost worth their weight in gold. In brass wear there are many novel shapes in bowls and vases that are just the thing for palms and ferns.

Vantine's is the place to find just what you want to fill up that odd corner that has been puzzling you for lo! these many moons; the thing that you wanted, but did not know just what it was; the thing that is distinctive, and yet harmonizes with what you already possess.

Cable from the GRAND PRIX
First news to reach America of the new styles worn at the Supreme Paris Fashion Event of the year
LONGCHAMPS, June 25, 1911.
GIMBEL BROTHERS,
New York, N. Y.
Lewis, the Parisian hat king, considers these the dominating fashions worn at the Grand Prix to-day.
Dresses of Louis XVI and Directoire Styles. White dresses trimmed with black velvet. Bodices with fichus. Black velvet hats trimmed with fringe and faced with lace.
Materials—transparent fabrics. Colors—novelty blue violet and black-and-white.
GIMBELS—PARIS.

Read the above Cable sent from Paris of June 25th, to one of our New York stores. It will impress you with the value of L'ART DE LA MODE. If you have seen the July issue published in New York on **June 20th,** you have noticed that we show dresses of Louis XVI and Directoire styles and almost everything described in the telegram. Besides our cover shows transparent material over a blue violet gown.

Our Paris office and our artists are constantly in touch with the leading creators of Fashions. They have their entrée everywhere and obtain inside information before any one else.

L'ART DE LA MODE is growing in prestige each day. More than ever it is the Fashion Authority.

Are you a subscriber? Write for our special yearly offer.

L'ART DE LA MODE, 8 to 14 West 38th St., N. Y. City

THIS YEAR THE BUYER'S ONE CUE IS "CONSIDER"

RAPIDLY changing conditions have made and are still making *this* year a year of readjustment in the automobile industry.

Many changes are taking place. Combinations are forming, new men are supplanting old ones, makers great and small are revising their plans, altering their models, and rearranging their prices to meet changed conditions, and *new things* are numerous.

This situation had to come. Every new industry must undergo reconstruction. The hip-hurrah of the automobile industry is departing, and from now on motor car making and selling will be more of a bona fide *business* than ever before.

Your Benefit Eventually

These changes will eventually benefit car buyers. Racing teams, wasteful practices, water in the stock, and foolish financiering will be cut out, and buyers will get better cars and better values.

But don't look for that eventual result too soon. Reconstruction takes time. Many a maker, with his ear to the ground to catch the newest keyword to success, doesn't know what will happen within the next six months. Makers are hoping for the best and trying their hardest, but they know, from recent experience, that real success is elusive.

All of this means nothing to you, Mr. Buyer, except as it has to do with the next car *you* purchase.

And because of the many changes now taking place, your one safeguard in buying is "Consider." Don't buy blindly.

"May Be" vs. Proof

Consider what these changes mean. Know that not all changes are improvements. Some changes may be experiments, and experiments are often expensive and disappointing to buyers. On the contrary, new things *may* be just what you want. But you can never know actually until these new things have been proved; and it is a safe rule to let the other fellow do the proving.

Changes indicate a desire on the maker's part *to do better* than he has done in the past. Therefore, what he did in the past wasn't quite as good as he *hopes to do*. He has *now* a new and *higher* ideal.

THE WINTON MOTOR CAR. CO.

Fifth Year of Sixes Exclusively

CLEVELAND—Sixth City

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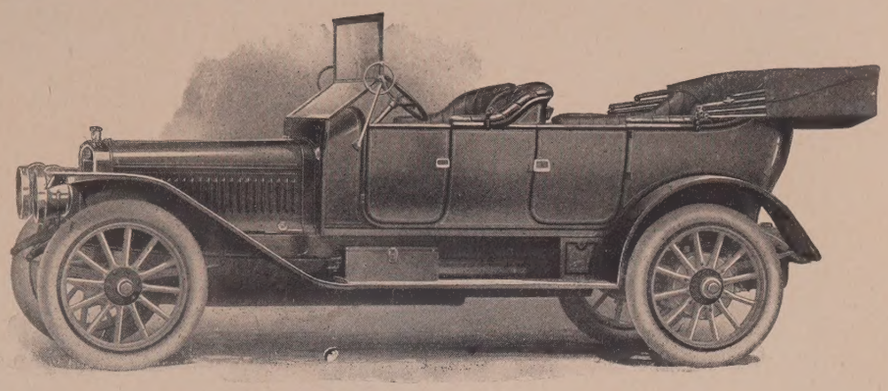
BALTIMORE	Mt. Royal at North Avenue
PITTSBURGH	Baum at Beatty Street
CLEVELAND	1228 Huron Road
DETROIT	998 Woodward Avenue
KANSAS CITY	3328-3330 Main Street
MINNEAPOLIS	16-22 Eighth Street N.
SAN FRANCISCO	300 Van Ness Avenue
SEATTLE	1000-1006 Pike Street



WINTON SIX

Self-Cranking Motor, Electric Lights, Four-Door Body with Levers Inside, 130 inch Wheel Base, Booth Demountable Rims, 36 x 4½ inch Tires all around. Holds world's lowest repair expense record—43c. per 1000 miles.

The Present Day Ideal

This new and *higher* ideal, among high-grade makers, is the Six-Cylinder car. And for this ideal they are to be commended because, in fact, the Six is the greatest car in the world—when it is *thoroughly right.*

The Six-Cylinder ideal is no new thing with the Winton Company. We have made *Sixes exclusively* from June, 1907, to this date, and will continue to make Sixes exclusively in future. We believe in the Six with more conviction than ever before, because the Winton Six has made good so emphatically that our ideal has become the ideal of the industry.

Consider These Points

Right now the market is filled with Sixes. Look them over carefully, and consider the compliment they pay to the Winton Six on these points:

1—Many makers, who opposed the Six-Cylinder, have become makers of Sixes. The Winton Six won them from opposition to acceptance. To do that, the Winton Six *must be* a wonderful car.

2—Note that the prevailing power for Sixes now coming on the market is 48 H. P. When we began making Sixes there was no 48 H. P. Six on the market. Our Six has been a 48 H. P. car from the beginning. Our Winton Six has *proved* to these makers that 48 H. P. *is right.*

3—In recent years 32 makers have tried to make Sixes and *failed.* They have ceased trying. On the other hand, the Winton Six is now in its fifth consecutive year without requiring a single radical change in design or construction. It is evident, therefore, that the difference between a successful Six and an unsuccessful Six comes from *knowing how,* and the continuous success of the Winton Six proves that the Winton Company *does know how.*

No Risk With This Car

Therefore, when you buy a Winton Six, you run no risk whatever. You are *not* taking a chance. Its worth has been abundantly proved. And you are getting the same make and the same model that converted the industry from four to Six Cylinders.

It will be worth your while to consider these facts. We are forced to put these facts squarely before you, for, having fought for four years to prove the superiority of the Six over all other types, we cannot stand silently by and let you imagine erroneously that anybody's Six is all right. Anybody's Six *may be* all right, but you must know, from the common sense of the case, that the Winton Six *is* all right, and that you can buy it with every assurance of satisfaction.

Our Price Advantage

The Winton Six sells at $3000. That's a great advantage to Winton Six buyers. Look over Sixes costing $4000, $5000 and $6000, and find, *if you can,* any quality not found in the Winton Six. You will be amazed at what you learn, and you'll be as enthusiastic over the Winton Six as we are—as enthusiastic as those Winton Six owners are whose cars placed the world's lowest repair expense record at 43 cents per 1000 miles.

Winton Six features for 1912 include a *self-cranking* motor (fifth consecutive year of success); electric lights sunken in the dash, electric tail light, 130-inch wheel base, a real *four-door* body, with operating levers *inside,* Booth Demountable rims, and 36x4½ inch tires all around.

Our catalog is worth any man's time. Filled from cover to cover with downright, business-like, dollars-and-cents facts. Send coupon for a copy.

THE WINTON MOTOR CAR. CO.
69 Berea Road, Cleveland, Ohio
Please send Winton Six literature to

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We have already informed our hosts of friends in the advertising world that we are now the publishers of the METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE PROGRAMME. On November 13th, 1911, we shall issue the first number.

It is most gratifying to us to state that from the present indications the Programme under our management will be an unprecedented success. Having decided upon a new and radical policy which bars absolutely from its pages all advertisements of an objectionable character, such as quack medicines, bogus financial enterprises, etc., we knew it would make a still stronger appeal to the leading national advertisers and local merchants and they have not failed to respond. We are pleased to present herewith a partial list of some of the firms which have already signed contracts:

American Real Estate Co.
American Piano Co.
American Tobacco Co.
Black, Starr & Frost
Bonwit-Teller Co.
Columbia Phonograph Co.
Thomas A. Edison, Inc.
Elcaya Creme
J. M. Gidding Co.
Gimbel Bros.
C. G. Gunther & Sons
Gorham Mfg. Co.
Knabe Piano Co.
Lindt's Chocolate
Lord & Taylor, Retail Dept.
Onyx Hosiery
Revillon Freres
Victor Talking Machine Co.

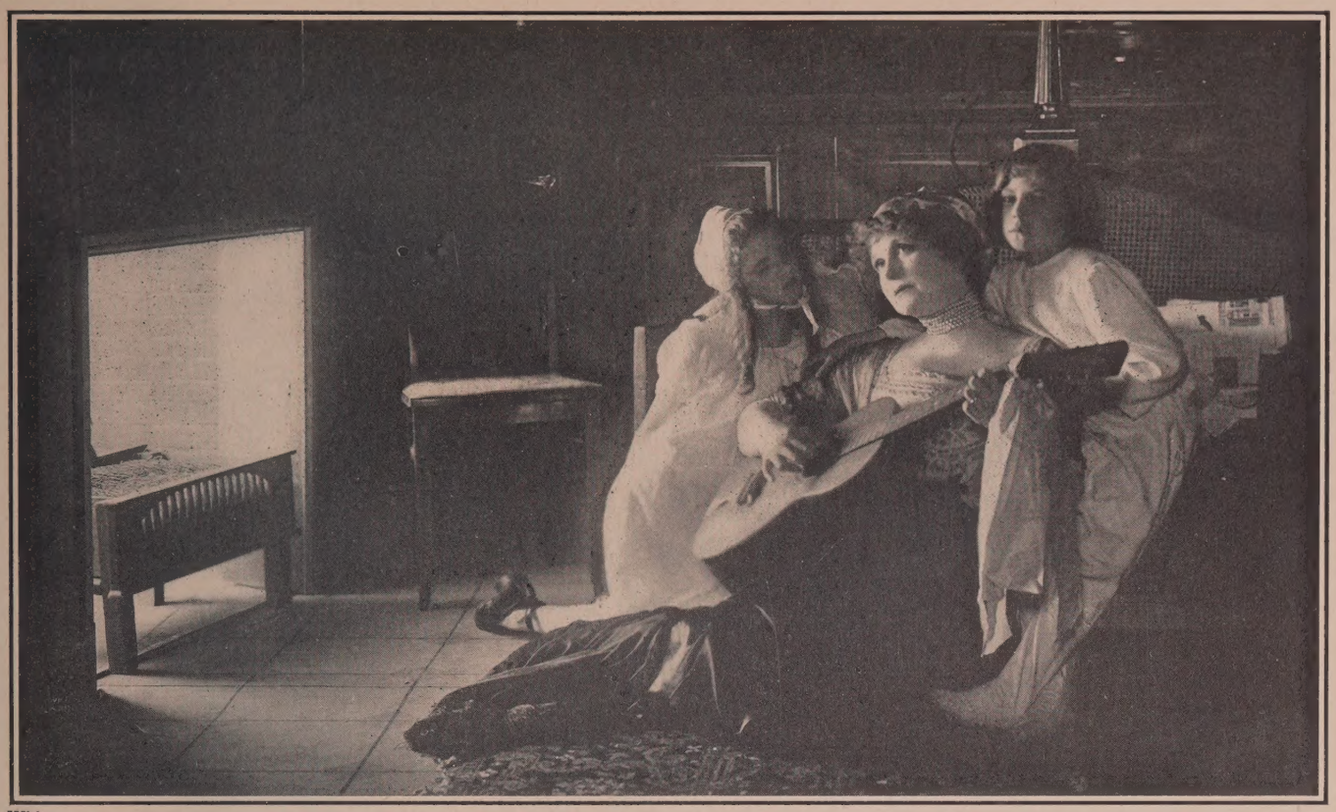
The Metropolitan Opera House is to-day an international institution. The programme, therefore, is no longer a local proposition.

People from all over the world come to New York to hear the greatest singers and to see the finest operatic productions. These people constitute an exceptionally desirable class of buyers.

The new programme, which will be handed out to opera-goers beginning with the season 1911-1912, will be a gem of the printer's art and entirely different from anything yet attempted at that house.

It is hardly necessary to draw your attention to the value of the Opera Programme as an exceptional advertising medium. DO NOT MISS THIS UNIQUE OPPORTUNITY TO ATTRACT THE PATRONAGE OF THE MOST WEALTHY AND EXCLUSIVE CLASS OF BUYERS IN THE WORLD—THE FLOWER OF AMERICA'S ARISTOCRACY.

THE THEATRE MAGAZINE.



White

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Edited by ARTHUR HORNBLOW

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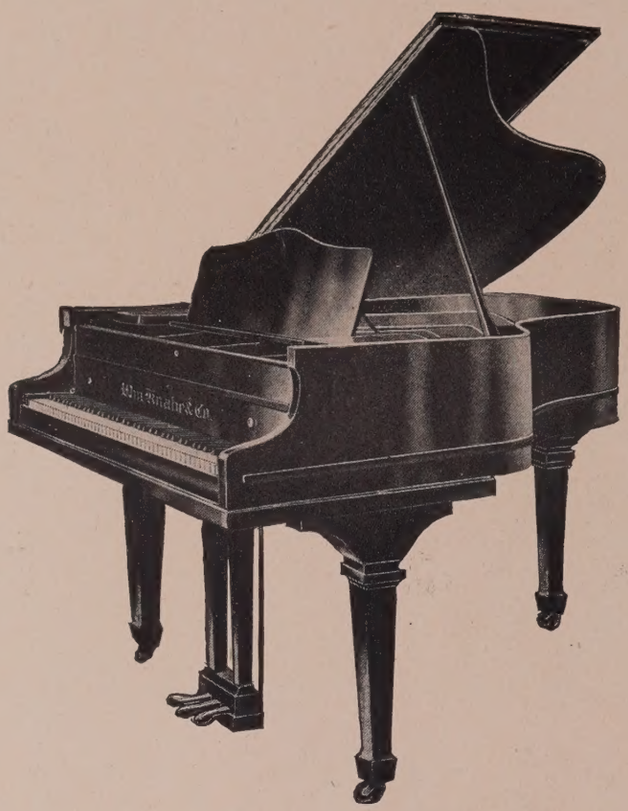

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